

SPECIAL: Clare Boothe Luce
reviews a new political novel
—SEE PAGE 861

NATIONAL REVIEW

the **Nixon** Convention

**Humphrey?
McCarthy?
Dick Gregory?**

GARRY WILLS



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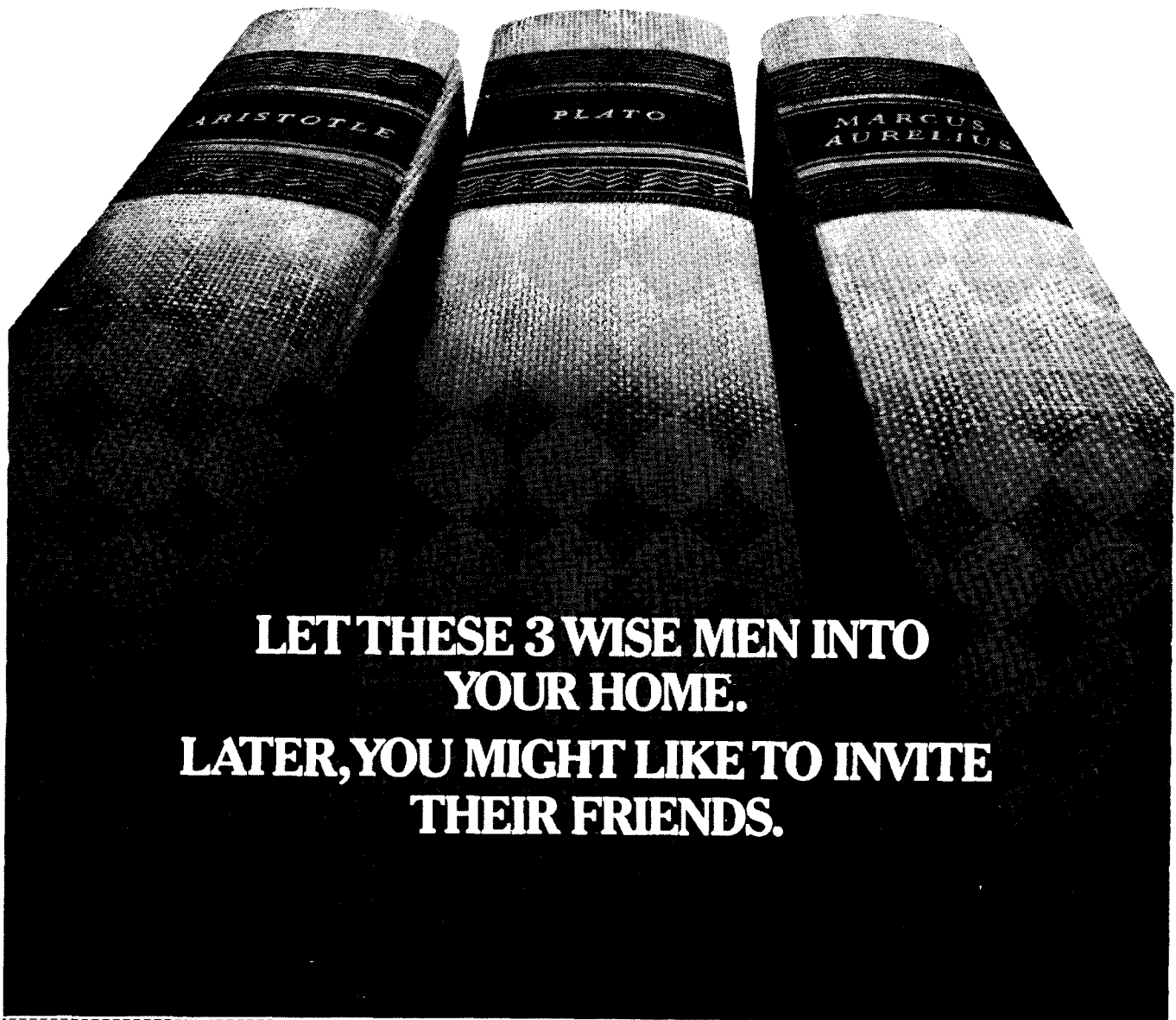
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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 34

836 The Week

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

- 830 Letters
- 844 The Third World War by *James Burnham*
- 845 The Nixon Convention by *Garry Wills*
- 851 Seduction of the Social Sciences by *Michael A. Weinstein*
- 852 The Plight of American Catholicism by *Will Herberg*
- 854 African Affairs by *Elspeth Huxley*
- 856 Church Art in America by *Ruth Berenson*
- 858 Inside Czechoslovakia by *Alfred S. Regnery*
- 859 Principles and Heresies by *Frank S. Meyer*
- 860 From the Academy by *Russell Kirk*
- 870 Delectations by *Alec Waugh*
- 871 Trans-O-Gram
- 874 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Clare Boothe Luce on Stephen Shadegg □ William A. Rusher on Walter Goodman's HCUA □ Paul Cole Beach on Lord Acton □ Lawrence Dietz on Tom Wolfe □ Neil McCaffrey on Records

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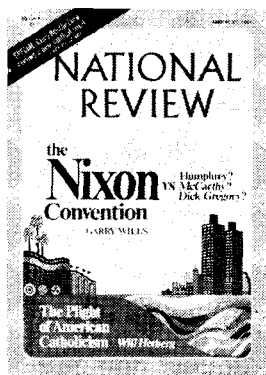
IN THIS ISSUE



■ We cover the Republican convention, first in **Garry Wills'** full-color, Panavision report from Miami Beach, next in **Frank S. Meyer's** analysis of the platform and the ticket, and finally (see p. 838) in an editorial which forbears, however, to endorse any candidate until the Democrats have named theirs. Mr. Wills, whose book on the racial conflict, *The Second Civil War: Arming for Armageddon*, is now in paperback, arrived in Miami to find the streets full of rioters, one of whom provided the ultimate shock of recognition by igniting the press cards in Wills' coat pocket. (Armageddon sentimental over you?) And so, back to convention hall, to study the subject of his next book: Nixon. . . . **Will Herberg**, the elder statesman of religious sociology, will follow his comments on the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in America with a companion piece, "The Plight of American Protestantism," coming soon. Meanwhile, in the very next magazine as a matter of fact, we will have Mr. Herberg on the Pope's birth control encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*. . . . If you think you know what's wrong with South Africa and apartheid, let **Elsbeth Huxley** introduce a new aspect of the problem. Her point: that modern urban life is catching up with the system, and it cannot long endure. . . . **Ruth Berenson's** art criticism has appeared in *Art News* and the *New York Times*. She is also co-author (with her husband, Norbert Muhlen) of a volume on George Grosz. . . . **Alfred S. Regnery**, just returned from a five-week tour of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, is the National College Director of Young Americans for Freedom. . . . **Michael A. Weinstein** is assistant professor of political science at Purdue University.

■ **James Burnham** wonders why Ian Smith went to Pretoria the other day—not, surely, just for the rugby? . . . **Russell Kirk** reports on Colonial Williamsburg—bigger, better and more Colonial than ever. . . . And, like somebody else, much in the news this week, **Alec Waugh** hears those trains in the night.

■ A novel by a working politico gets the good word from a lady who might easily make a fine contribution to the genre herself someday—**Clare Boothe Luce**. . . . **William A. Rusher**, author of *Special Counsel*, writes about Walter Goodman's *The Committee* with special insight. . . . **Paul Cole Beach** is pursuing graduate studies in political philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. . . . **Lawrence Dietz** has written for *Holiday* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. . . . If **Neil McCaffrey's** record review takes you back, you're probably old enough to belong to the Nostalgia Book Club (Neil McCaffrey, founder and president).



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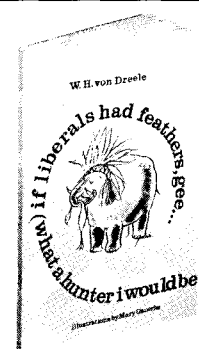
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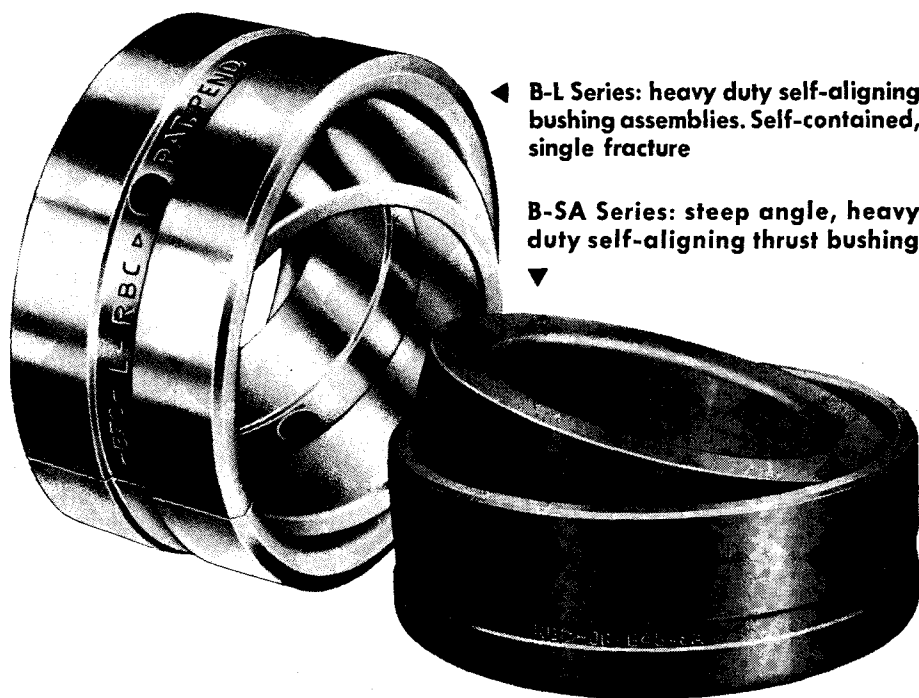
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LETTERS

Settling Wallace's Hash

I get itchy whenever All Men of Goodwill embrace a scheme to bypass Constitutional strictures. Such is the Gary Orfield proposal to pre-empt the bargaining powers of George Wallace. To quote your summary of the scheme [July 30]: "If there were no electoral college majority, the House would name the major party candidates who receive the larger popular vote on November 5." Now, not even we Men of Illwill want to see Wallace holding the high cards, but Orfield has skipped over three intermediate possibilities, any one of which has more to recommend it than Orfield's "plebiscitary notion": 1) As the Constitution prescribes, let us see first if one of the candidates can amass 26 delegations. Not all that difficult when we concede Wallace only one delegation: Alabama, the only state whose congressmen he is in a position directly to punish in subsequent elections; 2) If 1) fails—i.e. if the states break down 25 for X, 24 for Y, one for Wallace—let the major parties agree to name the candidate receiving the higher number of state votes. A nostalgic whiff of federalism, what? Or, 3), if 2) is unacceptable, take a middleground position: let the major parties agree to name the candidate with the greater number of electoral votes, even if it fails of an absolute majority.

To balance all of this it should be noted that the Wallace threat *in the House* is greatly exaggerated. This for two reasons: 1) Neither major party candidate could afford to be caught dealing with the Wallace votes, and 2) the media pressure on the Wallace votes would be excruciating. Congressmen being notoriously less durable than former governors, Wallace might be disappointed in the tenacity of even his strongest supporters.

New York, N.Y.

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Although my opposition to the candidacy of George Wallace is a matter of record, I should like sharply to disagree with the editorial, "Wallace Insurance," in NATIONAL REVIEW. It appears to me, in the first place, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, proposing as it does an interparty agreement to give the election to the winner of the majority of the popular vote. Under the Constitution, the Presidency is advisedly won by a majority of the *electoral* vote, not the popular vote. That NATIONAL REVIEW should adopt a plebiscitary, not a Constitutional view, seems to me lamentable.

In the second place, if those who vote for Wallace are of sufficient number to

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— William F. Rickenbacker



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when they know we soon may have no gold?

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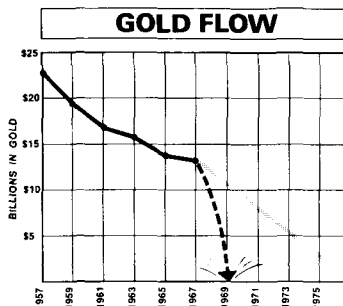
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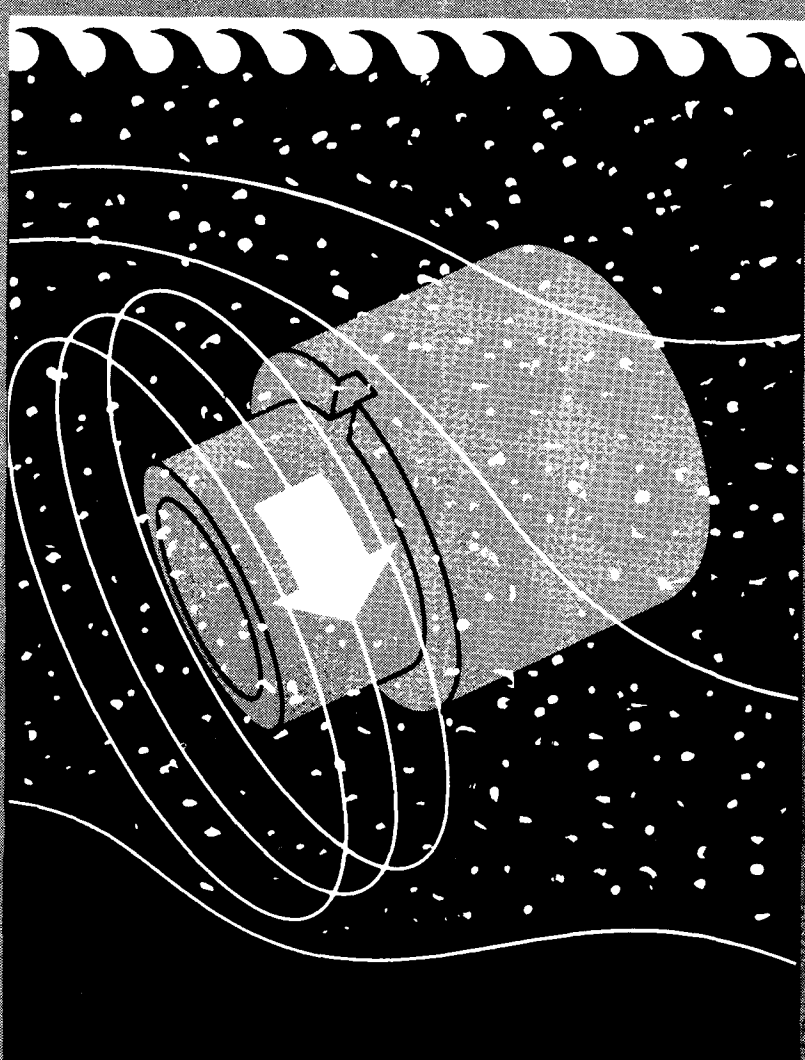
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affect the outcome of the vote in the Electoral College, then their voice should, by the spirit of our Constitution, have an effect on the incoming Administration—an effect that politically is achieved by bargaining between Wallace and the two major party candidates. This would be an outcome consonant with our complex federal system, a system which is distinctly not majoritarian or plebiscitarian.

Woodstock, N.Y.

FRANK S. MEYER

The letters from colleagues Freeman and Meyer are samples of a large wad of correspondence that piled up in criticism of NR's favorable comment on the Orfield proposal. These and further meditation suggest that the proposal may not be a satisfactory answer to the threat of constitutional crisis posed by the Wallace movement. From the standpoint of democratic government, whether conceived of as representative or plebiscitary, it unquestionably does not follow that in a three-cornered contest where no one candidate wins a majority, the victory should automatically go to the one who has the largest number of votes. In some cases one of the lagging candidates may be preferred by a majority as a lesser evil to the third, even if the third had a plurality in the first round. Thus, even apart from the strict federal principle, the Orfield solution has no general validity whether or not it might be expedient in this special case defined by the Wallace candidacy.

It does, also, seem rather likely that the Orfield plan might not work in practice, whatever advance pledges had been made. There would be no sanctions to guarantee performance of the contract. A scholar friend points out that there is not even any official record of what candidate does receive the highest number of popular votes in the nation as a whole. Official records list only the electoral vote and the popular votes within each state. The whole (the national vote) does not necessarily, in this case, equal the sum of the parts (the votes within each state). What appears in the almanacs and history books as the nationwide popular vote is merely the Associated Press roundup, and in a close race this may be ambiguous. In 1960, for example, the accepted records (cf. World Almanac) show John F. Kennedy winning the popular vote by 118,550 (34,227,096 to Nixon's 34,108,546). But the JFK figure assigns all of the Democratic vote in Alabama (324,050) to JFK. Now this Alabama vote was for eleven Democratic electors — six of whom were pledged against JFK and in the Electoral College voted in fact for Harry F. Byrd. It hardly seems reasonable, therefore, to assign the entire vote to JFK, as AP and the historians do. If we divide the Alabama total proportionately, and give JFK only his five-elevenths, this reduces his national total by 176,755, and makes Nixon the popular winner by 28,745.

Our scholar friend adds that there is

a further complication. Under our system, many voters do not vote in a state where the outcome is assured in advance, since the electoral vote for the winning party remains the same no matter how big its statewide majority. But if the victory were going to the candidate with the highest popular vote in the nation as a whole—as would be the case under the Orfield plan if, though only if, no one had a clear majority—then every vote would count and presumably more voters in sure-thing states would bestir themselves.

All in all, we will perhaps do best to take our chances with a) the traditional way unadorned, and b) the patriotism and common sense of most electors and congressmen if the traditional way gets snarled by George Wallace.—ED.

Sirhan's World

In his article "The World of Sirhan—The Assassin in His Context," published in your July 30 issue, Desmond Stewart overlooks certain facts of history and places others out of context. The result is a slanted history such as might regretfully be expected from someone residing in the Arab world.

The 1947 UN resolution calling for the re-partitioning of that part of mandated Palestine remaining after the previous partition of the country into Palestine and Trans-Jordan in 1922 was voted by the overwhelming majority of the UN members. The independent Arab state foreseen in that resolution did not come into existence, as it was swallowed up by Trans-Jordan which thereupon changed its name to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. This was conquest by force of arms. The fact that the armistice lines between Israel and her Arab neighbors did not conform with the areas defined in the 1947 resolution was due to the war launched by the Arabs in an effort to prevent implementation of that resolution. The lines themselves were those on which the warring armies stood at the 1948 cease-fire, with minor exceptions agreed upon at the direct face-to-face armistice negotiations held on the Mediterranean island of Rhodes in the early months of 1949.

As to Mr. Stewart's claim that Israel has now "grown to 100 per cent" of Palestine, Israel has repeatedly stated during the past year that the "secure and recognized boundaries" called for in the November 22 resolution of the Security Council should be discussed in direct negotiations with the Arabs and would not necessarily be either the pre-June armistice lines or the present cease-fire lines, but the result of peace talks.

The writer equates the Dreyfus Affair with the "reporting of the June War." It may be significant that he equates an historical event with the "reporting" (presumably Arab reporting) of another event. The Dreyfus Affair, surrounded by anti-semitism and giving rise to brilliant and

(Continues on page 869)



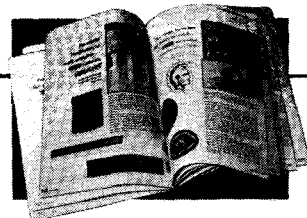
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THE WEEK

■ In Miami Beach there was one section you just *couldn't* get into, not without the most elaborate credentials, and that was the working press section. But we saw one stranger make it, the guards and the sergeants-at-arms and the attendants falling aside like the Red Sea. The only credential the stranger wore was the button: "Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson."

■ There was much hooting at the idea of "black capitalism" earlier this year, but it's happening and it just may be working. A ghetto-owned cooperative supermarket in Harlem, for example, is doing a thriving business and has sold over \$200,000 in shares, most of them at \$5 apiece to people in the neighborhood. In Baltimore, a large food wholesaling firm has found it worthwhile to set Negro merchants up in business, in formerly white-owned supermarkets that were burned out in riots last April. The Federal Government, or part of it anyway, is doing the sensible thing: The Small Business Administration plans to guarantee \$250 million in private bank loans to black-owned businesses this year (compared with \$50 million last)—not enough to bring instant prosperity to the ghettos, to be sure, but enough to finance ten thousand small firms.

■ Strikes are out. Slowdowns are in. Claiming that they're overworked, airport ground controllers are following the letter of the rule-book, thus slowing things way down and stacking the planes three hours deep. Now car inspectors on the Long Island Railroad are doing much the same thing—taking cars out of service on technicalities, thus forcing the line to cancel trains for lack of equipment and so disrupting the lives of 180,000 commuters. Next week, subway inspectors may get in the act with a rule-book slowdown affecting 8 million New Yorkers. There's no rule-book for travelers and commuters, of course—just the Eleventh Commandment of modern life, Don't Try To Fight It.

■ Huey P. Newton, "Minister of Defense" of the racist Black Panther Party, is on trial for his life in Oakland, California, charged with shooting two white policemen and killing one, then kidnaping a passing motorist to escape. It's been a long, ugly trial, with Panthers shrieking and demonstrating outside the courtroom, Negro prosecution witnesses called "Uncle Tom" by the defense attorney, and now some very strange behavior by a witness. Del Ross, the kidnap victim (black, but no Panther), suddenly took the Fifth, then gave it back but couldn't for the life of him remember his earlier testimony before the grand jury that indicted Newton, couldn't remember Newton's face, couldn't remember

what a grand jury is. A very frightened man, perhaps? And what's that old saw about the best defense?

■ James Jackson Kilpatrick has thought of a good way to avoid mess in the forthcoming Senate debate on Chief Justice nominee Abe Fortas. Let the Senate, suggests Kilpatrick, view a fourteen-minute silent film strip called *0-12* on the basis of which a Los Angeles jury convicted a penny arcade proprietor and five others of violating a state law against exhibiting obscene motion pictures. The conviction, upheld by the Superior Court of California, was summarily reversed by the Supreme Court in a 5-4 decision. One of those five votes was cast by Abe Fortas. If the senators, after seeing what Kilpatrick has seen, to wit "a filthy little peep show," agree with Mr. Fortas that *0-12* qualifies for protection under the First Amendment, then let them confirm his appointment. Let them also inquire where Homer Thornberry, who has been nominated to replace Fortas, stands on the matter. Fair enough?

■ Strategists at the Pentagon as well as NASA officials and scientists are dismayed at the effects of the drastic cuts made by Congress in the budget for space projects and the still deeper cuts due to come under the \$6 billion budgetary slash attached to the income surtax bill. Already NASA has announced dropping of 1,600 employees plus 2,000 others working on subcontracted operations. Orders for five Saturn V rockets are being canceled and the projected number of moon trips reduced. Development of the more powerful post-Saturn rocket will be slowed to a crawl. Most of the planetary probes had already been eliminated under previous reductions. All this means the disintegration of the irreplaceable administrative-scientific-technological team built up and tested over the past decade, a major retreat before the challenge of space, and an inevitable worsening of our progress in space relative to the Soviet Union's. The scientists and technologists know how much of our incredible technological advance in the past two decades, upon which our prosperity rests, has been a fallout of aerospace projects. The strategists know that mastery of space, to which the nominally nonmilitary space programs contribute indispensably, is the key to national security and survival in the decades ahead.

■ A group of Arab freelancers hijack an El Al airliner and put it down in Algiers. The Algerian government holds the crew, all of the male passengers, and the Boeing 707. Israel demands that passengers and plane be released. Boumedienne refuses. Israel takes its complaint to the United Nations. Nothing happens. So ten days later we are asked to believe that two Syrian air force pilots got lost and plunked their MiGs down in an abandoned airfield in Israel, all the time thinking they were in Lebanon. Five will get you a UJA bond that the MiGs will stay in Israel just about as long as the Boeing stays in Algeria.

■ The latest Security Council debate over retaliatory raids by Israeli troops and planes into Jordan didn't get

Don't miss the Kemper Open!

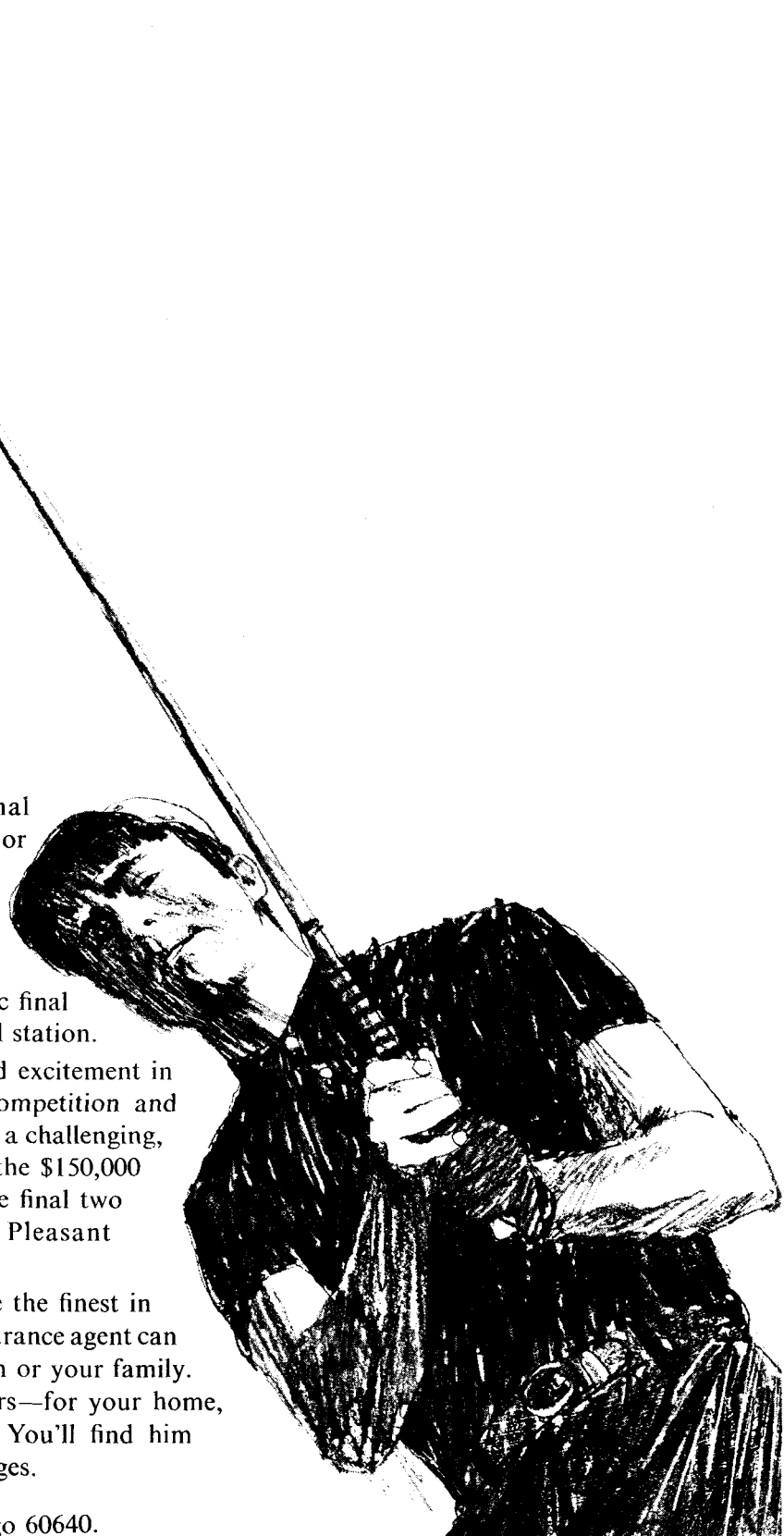
The \$150,000 Kemper Open Invitational Golf Tournament will be the final major PGA tournament of the year in the East. Be with us at Pleasant Valley Country Club in Sutton, Mass., Sept. 9-15 to watch the world's top pros in action. Or watch television coverage of the climactic final two days, live and in color, on your local station.

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much publicity: most of the TV cameras were otherwise engaged in Miami Beach. But in any event the verbal fireworks on the East River are immaterial. Israel has long since told the world that it will not tolerate a Vietcong-type buildup within its own borders. It is going to hit back and hit back hard at any infiltration from any neighboring Arab state—Jordan, Syria or Egypt. Sink an Israeli ship and lose an oil installation. Send saboteurs across the border and lose control of your own air space for two hours while Israeli planes bomb out the guerrilla base, as they did recently at Salt. This is, in fact, the only stand Israel can take if it intends to survive, but it serves to point up once again the irrelevance of the UN when it comes to the nitty-gritty of power politics.

■ The Czechs and Slovaks cheered Tito last week and gave East Germany's Walter Ulbricht the fish-eye, happy but cautious in the knowledge that their leader Alexander Dubcek has won them a breathing period, at the very least. Nobody knows what concessions Dubcek had to make (beyond a few meaningless formal ones), or whether the populace will sit still for them. And nobody knows how far reform will be allowed to go before the Russians pounce—as they must, sooner or later, unless they are willing to let another satellite go the way of Yugoslavia. Now that it is rolling, the reform movement cannot be stopped from within, only guided now a little this way, now that, like a soccer ball; it can be crushed from without at any time. Will the Russians permit Dubcek to borrow \$500 million from the West, as he plans to do? Will they let him strengthen ties with West Germany—which prospect brought Ulbricht scurrying to town? Will they watch the Communist Party congress elect a new, thoroughly reformist central committee on September 9? Maybe, maybe not. Russian soldiers are still skulking just across the border, and Warsaw Pact maneuvers in October will include mass airlifts of East German, Polish and Russian troops to Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovakians, and the rest of the world, hope

Consolation

When epidermis layers itch
And ganglia begin to twitch,
I mitigate my misery
By thinking of Max Rafferty.

When arches ache and temples throb
As I survey the fickle mob,
I soothe my sensibility
By thinking of Max Rafferty.

If fears about the coming scene
Are shading *your* complexion green,
Remember Thomas Kuchel! (He
Was done in by Max Rafferty.)

W. H. VON DREELE

the tanks will never rumble in earnest—but everybody knows they could, tomorrow.

■ Does the recent seven-week fighting lull in Vietnam mean that Hanoi is ready for a general de-escalation in Vietnam? Although Administration officials regard North Vietnamese remarks as too ambiguous to indicate any genuine shift in their diplomatic stance in Paris, the press has been busy whipping up feverish speculation that the lull is a political gesture. So much so that the North Vietnamese in Paris were driven to complain about excessive press comment. Publicly the Administration has viewed the lull as a buildup for a new offensive, although privately it has been suggested a lull might show restraint which Hanoi has been unwilling to demonstrate explicitly because of its objection to American demands for reciprocal de-escalation. Since the press became involved, however, signs indicate a hardening North Vietnamese attitude in Paris. Which raises once again the endlessly-debated subject of the press' role in diplomacy.

■ The ninth World Youth Festival that has just run its course in Sofia failed miserably to demonstrate the "unity of youth in the struggle against racism, imperialism and neo-colonialism" as had been planned. Instead, there evolved a miniature of the disintegration that has afflicted the Soviet bloc in recent months. German SDS, British Young Liberals, Dutch, Czechs and Yugoslavs declared themselves opposed to the "authoritarian and manipulative structure" of the festival, and organized their own small anti-festival of teach-ins and discussions. For their pains they were beaten up by Bulgarian goon squads attempting to impose a hard Soviet-type orthodoxy. The Czechs had to sneak into the country after being stopped at the border because they "looked revolting and perhaps had infectious diseases," according to Bulgarian officials. Czech journalists who asked for typing paper in a hotel were offered lavatory paper. All of which simply means that things are not going well for the youthful Communists which, considering what their creed in its various forms has inflicted on mankind, is sort of as it should be.

■ The first major act of the new Gaullist government is a dramatic purge of radio-TV. The French radio-TV system (ORTF) is a direct government monopoly, more tightly controlled and censored than any other in the non-Communist world and several in the Communist bloc. During the first days of the student revolt the government forbade any coverage of the demonstrations, riots and battles. As the general strike developed, the news and editorial staffs, with the support of the technicians, went ahead on their own with coverage of what was going on. This could not be forgiven them, in spite of a formal pledge in writing from the newly appointed Director General of ORTF that "no one [in ORTF] will be punished for taking part in the strike." The government having finally come to feel secure enough to move,

it had suddenly put through mass firings, forced retirements and reassignments to the sticks. (Many learned of their dismissals when the ORTF parking lot attendant forbade them their usual place.) A Czechoslovak visitor in Paris is reported to have remarked to French friends: "You don't realize what it is to live in a free country."

■ Saul Alinsky, at whose knee the poor have been learning how to provoke the bejeezus out of the Establishment for thirty years now, has discovered the middle class. It's disfranchised, he says, politically impotent—and so he will open a school for middle-class organizers where they can learn how to conduct sit-ins, boycotts, demonstrations, the whole militant megillah. Mind, his tactics mustn't be used against labor bosses, high taxes, crime in the streets, that sort of thing—just in good causes like peace in Vietnam and gun control. In case your car's been sounding noisy, Alinsky is doing all this with \$200,000 from the Midas Muffler folks.

■ Heard the latest? Those Northern-white-liberal college types who used to spend their summers down in Mississippi were 1) misfits; 2) prone to lord it over their black colleagues; 3) super-eager, many of them, to get clubbed and jailed; 4) compensating for all sorts of guilt feelings; 5) looking for new sexual horizons with black girls/boys. Or so say two black sociologists who studied the Mississippi Summer Projects of 1964 and 1965. Their conclusion: black-white conflicts within the movement, not despair over white resistance outside it, were a major factor in the shift of SNCC and CORE to Black Power and the effective expulsion of Whitey from the civil rights movement. Now you know.

■ One John E. Hatchett, a former Harlem school teacher, has been appointed by New York University to head its new Martin Luther King Jr. Afro-American Student Center. Mr. Hatchett is also the author of an article, published in *African-American Teachers Forum*, accusing "the anti-black Jews and the black Anglo-Saxons" in the New York public school system of poisoning the minds of Negro children, but of this side of Mr. Hatchett's Afro-Americanism NYU claims it knew nothing. Anti-Hatchett protests have been organized all over town, but he has the New York Civil Liberties Union going for him on the grounds that what he thinks "outside of his professional activities" is his own business—academic freedom, you know. Racism? Here's what Hatchett, professional educator, thinks racism is: "I cannot possibly be a racist, especially a black racist, since racism connotes power and black people in white America are clearly powerless; hence, I a black man cannot possibly be a racist." His italics. Our academic freedom.

■ Get rid of poverty and you get rid of crime, right? That's what speaker after speaker at the American Bar Association convention said, right? Not quite. There was one dissenter: Lord Justice John P. Widgery, a British

jurist who was there as an observer. Having observed all the speeches, panels and resolutions on the social roots of crime, he stood up and reminded the delegates that in his country the Welfare State has all but eliminated slums, unemployment and poverty and other alleged crime-causers—in spite of which the crime rate keeps going up. "Anyone here who believes that relief of poverty will bring a decrease in crime is in for some kind of disappointment," said the Lord Justice. He urged his American cousins to improve their police forces. Observers should shut up and observe, right?

■ The uniform if hypnotic excellence with which the TV networks blanketed the Republican convention was only seriously violated once, as far as we know: when NBC's Ed Newman, Frank McGee, John Chancellor and Sander Vanocur got together for their little gangbang on Mr. Nixon's acceptance speech. Oh, they were mad. They were bitchy. *But*, said Chancellor, *that's the same old Nixon speech we've heard, oh, thirty times*. "Go ahead and say it," said Vanocur, "the Republicans have kissed off the Negro vote." Now surely it is not quite bright,



besides being highly unprofessional and impolite, to observe that the Republicans have “kissed off” the N.V. without pausing to observe, for purposes of analysis, that the Nixon speech had at least tried to do precisely the opposite?

■ Overheard at Miami Beach, high Rockefeller strategist to prominent member of Reagan staff: “Don’t pay any attention to the story you’ll be seeing on the front page of the (N.Y.) *Times* tomorrow. We planted it there for obvious reasons.” Next day’s headline in *Times*: “Rockefeller’s Aides/Fear Reagan Drive/Is Gaining Rapidly.”

Now for the Main Bout

If Richard Nixon conducts his Presidential campaign as brilliantly as he did his campaign for his party’s nomination, he should be the winner in November; and if he thus confirms his mastery of the political process, we shall have reason for confidence in his ability to direct the affairs of the nation. In essence a political campaign is composed of the same elements as a nation-in-action. In both, groups of men with diverse aims and interests are actively inter-related with each other in varying degrees of cooperation and rivalry. To deal with Rockefeller, Reagan, the Farm Bureau and “the South” is not essentially different from dealing with Brezhnev, de Gaulle, France and Africa, granted a certain sufficient access to the specific facts in each case. Our moralists deride “machine politics”; but in the last analysis, all politics in populous nations, whatever else it may also be, must be machine politics. And Richard Nixon has proved himself a superb machinist. In so becoming he has also shown himself to belong to that rare species able and willing to learn from errors of the past.

Up until the early morning of August 8 Nixon’s tactical goal was and had to be the party nomination. He kept his eye unblinkingly fixed on that goal, though in pursuing it he did not forget that it was in turn only a step toward the strategic goal of victory in the November ballot. His estimate of his party was accurate. He saw that the party had moved in belief toward the right and in geographical weight away from the Northeast toward the West and South. Tactically he set his course along the broadest possible center, which the presence of Romney/Rockefeller to his left and Ronald Reagan to his right served to express and define. If Rockefeller and Reagan had not been at hand, he would have had to invent them. But, strategically, the nomination would have been useless if the mode of gaining it had meant a repetition of a 1964-type split. So Nixon carefully refrained from personal attacks and sharp formulations of disputed issues. He declared his candidacy early and unequivocally. He jumped boldly into the popular primaries and won them. When they and his rivals’ hesitations and mistakes had given him a comfortable lead, he didn’t risk losing it by pressing for an over-kill.

At the convention he and Senator Dirksen allowed

everyone his paragraph in the Platform, while preserving in its rhetoric a mildly conservative emphasis that will seem stronger when it comes to be contrasted with the Democratic Platform. Liberal Governor Dan Evans was permitted to deliver a liberal and rather doveish keynote address. The one tense episode came when a milling in some southern delegations suggested a possible break that might have breached the first-ballot line. This was cooled with the help of the Grand Old Men who had become convinced that Nixon was indeed the one for 1968 and by the promise that for Vice President no one offensive to any major section of the party would be named. The solidity of Nixon’s success was spectacularly demonstrated when John Lindsay seconded Spiro Agnew’s nomination, Rockefeller refused to let his name be entered, and the Romney flareup, never getting Romney’s blessing, fizzled quietly out.

Although some of the delegates and party members whose feelings they represent were naturally disappointed, not many were violently angry, except for a few on the party’s left, and they mostly because of Spiro Agnew—not so much because of anything they knew about him, which was not much, but because the South had not objected to him; anyone the South doesn’t denounce must be suspect, the reasoning goes.

So Nixon enters the campaign proper—and if he wins, the Presidency—with an unusually large number of options open. Too open for comfort, perhaps, in some cases. In policy, neither the Platform, his speeches nor the tactical moves committed him to anything much outside of vague and hardly disputable generalities. Nor does he seem to have many compulsory administrative commitments. Within the framework of what is possible—and many things are impossible, given the realities of a nation of 200 million in a complex world of 3.5 billion—Nixon is going to be constructing his own policies from his own beliefs and the necessities he confronts. Nor can we expect, judging by the nomination campaign, that the substance of his chosen policies is going to become fully clear between now and November, though the dialectic of the contest will force some of them into more definite and public shape.

Let’s Make Up

My Dear Mr. Nixon:

You’ve won, and I guess

It’s time I decided to acquiesce.

We tried (did you notice?) to give you the heave.

Remember when Javits was starting to leave?

Ronald Reagan . . . but then you went over the top.

Now I’m trying (I’m *trying*) to gracefully stop.

Just one tiny favor? The cabinet team

Should always be moderate; *never* extreme.

Choose Romney and Reagan. Choose Lindsay.

(Choose Spock!)

But do not for God’s sake decide on the Rock.

W. H. VON DREELE

If you will take just a moment *now* to do us a big favor, we'll be more than happy to send you a **FREE** copy of this fine recording!

Why should we make you such an attractive offer?

We'll tell you:

It's the full heat of summer now and everything seems to be moving at a slower pace. Days drowse along and there's a tendency to let things slide, to put off till tomorrow what you don't have to do today.

But after vacations are over—look out! It's full speed ahead again.

That's why you can do us such a big favor NOW. Our mail drops off during the vacation months so it's a slack time for us too, which means it costs less to handle orders right now than it does during peak periods.

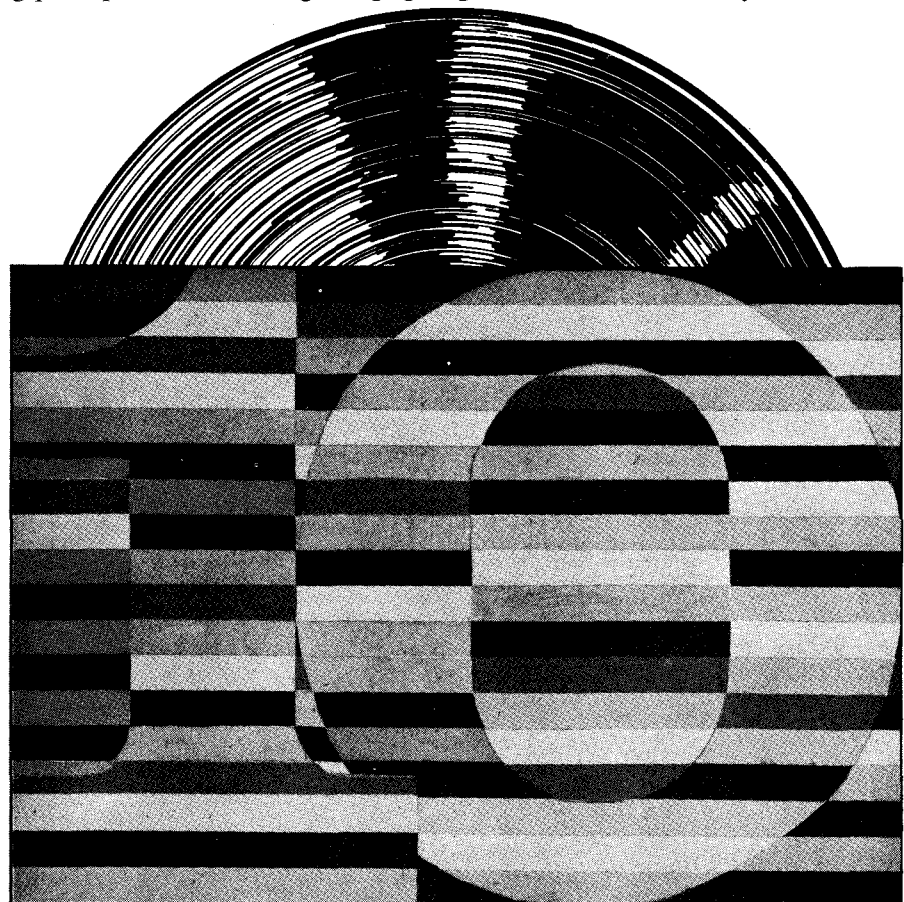
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WHILE THEY LAST!

National Review's Tenth Anniversary Album

This is a first quality 12" LP, high-fidelity recording. It was taped on the spot and engineered to retain the background, sound and feel. Playing time is approximately 23 minutes for each side. Retail price is \$3.98. The record is narrated by Tom Huston, National Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom. Speakers include (in order of appearance): Clare Boothe Luce, Adm. Lewis Strauss, Steve Allen, Tom Van Sickle, John Dos Passos and Barry Goldwater on side one. Side two speakers include (in order of appearance): William A. Rusher, William F. Rickenbacker, Frank Meyer, James Burnham and William F. Buckley Jr.



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Strategically, the Republican Party occupies the position of strength this year. If it can't win now it is hard to see how it ever will. The nation has repudiated the incumbent administration; that is what Lyndon Johnson's bugout inescapably expresses. The incumbent administration is the Democratic Party's responsibility, and no matter who the nominee is, will be hung about its neck. The dilemma is complete. If the Democrats nominate Humphrey, LBJ's man, they admit and accept the responsibility; if they nominate anyone else they repudiate themselves. So, the Chicago convention will almost certainly reason, they might as well stick to Humphrey.

Unless the Republican Party really does have a death wish, it surely ought to be able to win against a party that has declared itself bankrupt.

Chicago, Here They Come . . .

Hubert Humphrey, like Nixon, hugging his lead, his odds-on-favorite position. Eugene McCarthy, like Rockefeller, flailing in every direction in a wild and unfocused bid for delegate votes. George McGovern, an under-the-wire entry, hoping to skim off the Kennedy devotees who bear a grudge against Eugene McCarthy that goes back to Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon and California. Lester Maddox, elbowing his way into the ring even later, posing a threat of some sort to Humphrey's southern strategy. And in the wings hundreds of thousands of demonstrators, yippies, new leftists, bearded SDS students, black powerites, Panthers, Muslims, black nationalists, flower children, Communists, Maoists and revolutionaries. And watching them, from the wings, too, thousands of police, FBI men, riot squads and national guardsmen. Manhole covers around the International Amphitheatre area have been sealed shut; a chain link and barbed wire fence strung around the Amphitheatre. Delegates will be checked six separate times before they can take their seats. *Mesdames, Messieurs, faites vos jeux.*

Humphrey claims he has the votes to go over the top right now and the polls by and large confirm his popularity among rank-and-file Democrats, but other counts, a fortnight before the convention opened, show him well short of the 1,312 votes needed. Still, Humphrey, like Nixon, towers above his opponents in delegate strength. Like Nixon, Humphrey represents the center edging toward right of the Democratic Party. He is a moulting hawk internationally and although his domestic liberal record is probably unmatched in Congress (except maybe by Jacob Javits), the conformity of the moment requires that he renounce Lyndon Johnson and Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy before he can win readmission into the Kennedy-McCarthy-John Kenneth Galbraith-ADA establishment. Which he cannot do.

McCarthy is the Stevenson of '68. The brave knight who went into battle against hopeless odds when it seemed that nothing would save the Democratic Party, the nation, and the world from Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Who wrought a miracle in New Hampshire. And who brought out from his tent a brooding Bobby who had nursed a grudge against his Agamemnon for four long years.

Bobby's entry into the race split the left-liberal civil rights and peacenik ranks. The Kennedy Mafia gathered around, it was just like old times. Some who had been responsible for urging McCarthy to run jumped ship the minute Bobby got in, some waited a few weeks. And natural allies became bitter enemies, all the more bitter after Kennedy's assassination. Those animosities persist, as witness the speed with which the old Kennedy team—Sorensen, Salinger, Schlesinger, Mankiewicz—gravitated to Senator McGovern the instant he announced his candidacy although he differs from McCarthy only in that he is more belligerently doveish. McGovern wants an immediate suspension of all bombing of North Vietnam, a firm pledge by the U.S. not to escalate its war effort, new elections in South Vietnam with the National Liberation Front given the vote, and a demand that Saigon open immediate negotiations with the Front and the Vietcong. In other words: dishonorable peace. McGovern has then staked out for himself the leftmost position in the convention. Maddox has the eccentric Right all to himself and will probably occupy it in splendid isolation.

So it looks like a Humphrey win. He has Lyndon Johnson and the party organization and most of labor on his side. But there are a few buts. Teddy Kennedy has announced he'll make an important speech on Vietnam in Worcester, Massachusetts, five days before the convention. Does that mean that Teddy may enter the race himself? Or that he will throw his support to McCarthy? Possibly take the number two spot? Hanoi may time the new big offensive U.S. intelligence warns is in the making for convention week. Would that strengthen the doves? Or the hawks? Will Chicago burn? That, too, could affect the balloting.

Tilting at a Steel Man

There's nothing a red-blooded President likes better than a chance to square off against the steel industry. In popular mythology, "Steel" is the Prince of Monopolies, Robber Baron No. 1. So when Bethlehem announced a 5 per cent across-the-board price increase, Lyndon Johnson roused up a press conference quicker than a hawk dives on a chicken. "Unreasonable," "dire consequences," "should not be permitted," quoth the President, and followed up his words with a one-two of executive orders forbidding first the Defense Department and then all government agencies to order steel from companies that made over-all price hikes.

A President's blood never seems to run quite so red when it comes to squaring off against multi-vote labor unions. Lyndon Johnson had been quiet as a mouse two days earlier when the steel industry's labor negotiations ended with a 6 per cent wage increase, though it was

nearly twice the 3.2 per cent maximum he had once set as "guideline" and far more than any increase in worker productivity. He did not feel it relevant to mention that in the decade prior to this wage-price advance, hourly wages rates in steel had increased 39.8 per cent, while prices for steel had increased 7.3 per cent.

The steel industry certainly deserves no congratulations for this attempted price increase—nor does either steel management or the union rate public thanks for agreeing to the overstuffed wage increase. And the government—whose 5.2 million tons of yearly purchases unfortunately make it the industry's biggest customer—is entirely in order in aiming to bargain hard to get the steel it wants as cheaply as it can, whatever the industry's offering price. But it is demagogic mumbo-jumbo for the President to imply that a jump in steel prices is the key factor bringing inflation. The causal chain is more complex and more discouraging. Price increases in steel, though they will indeed help inflate prices of products using steel, are themselves also the result of inflationary pressures—including the pressures of unwarranted wage boosts and, most particularly, the huge deficits brought by the government's policies. If Lyndon Johnson were serious about fighting inflation, he would have begun by denouncing, not steel for a \$1 billion price increase, but himself, for a \$25 billion dollar federal deficit in the fiscal year just closed.

But let's be frank about it. The President's attack on steel had nothing to do with industry, inflation or economics. It was purely political, one more in the regular series of payoffs through which the Democratic Party machine keeps the trade unions in the Johnson-Humphrey corner. Alas that the Republicans, feeling incompetent to compete for the unions, were reduced to throwing a bone to whimpering steel management. An endorsement of import quota crutches disfigures their new platform. Why, management doesn't even have the votes!

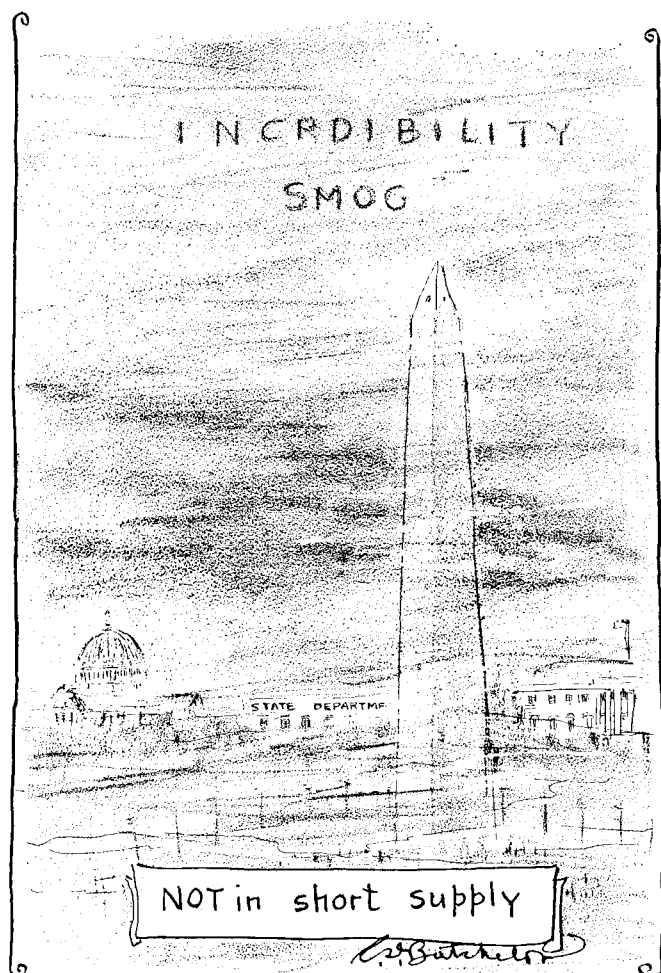
P. S. After the President and the steel executives finished their week's quadrille, it somehow turned out that oh no, no steel companies had really meant a general over-all price hike and oh no, the government had never really meant it objected to "selective increases." . . . Do you suppose both parties had planned it that way from the beginning?

Meditations on CDCs

A bipartisan group of 26 senators has introduced legislation that would create in poor areas of the cities community-controlled enterprises called "Community Development Corporations." The plan is so complex that we do not pretend to understand all its ramifications, nor, we suspect, do the senators themselves understand them. Briefly, a CDC would be set up in a poor area where at least 10 per cent of the adults could be persuaded to buy stock in it. "Seed money" from the Federal Government equal to the paid-in capital would be added to the kitty. The CDC would then invest in local businesses and would, with whatever profits, provide community services such as day care centers and job placement offices. There is much more, but that is the basic plan.

The main goal is to encourage community interest in collective advancement—get people fired up about improving themselves. It is a goal that, in the abstract, has one's total sympathy, but as for this particular plan, there are several questions.

First, CDCs are just too damned complicated, a circumstance that may tend severely to limit their effectiveness in whipping up appetites for collective advancement. Investors will not, for example, know how their money is being used other than that it is being somehow spent for the good of the community; nor will they reap the profits of their investment in a normal sense but rather will receive "community services." Between them and the businesses in which they are investing will spring up a new little bureaucracy, the CDC office, which will no doubt be romanticized into a sort of local Dreyfus Fund, but which may very likely be incredibly wasteful (a lot of people pushing a lot of paper) and which will, in any case, afford innumerable new opportunities for the local black politicians to maneuver and advance their own personal interests, perhaps often at the expense of the community. For example, the politicians will no doubt put pressure on local businessmen to contribute to the CDC,



using as a threat the possible withholding of a loan, in which case the businessman will be getting nothing but his own money filtered through a local bureaucracy with a few extra federal dollars thrown in, federal dollars that could probably more efficiently simply be lent directly. Pressure will also undoubtedly be put on blacks who live in the ghetto but who earn and deploy most of their resources outside it, to contribute heavily to the CDC: which may for various psychological reasons be beneficial but which is likely to be, from the over-all economic viewpoint, uneconomic, as contrived allocations of resources tend to be. Further, the existence of the new bureaucracy may, rather than sharpening community perceptions of profits and quality to be had through collective action and the free enterprise system, tend rather to obscure fundamental relationships. The investor doesn't get a profit from his investment, he gets a community service. He doesn't know exactly what his money will be used for, except that it is for the good of the community.

In short, we think CDCs will be merely immensely complicated ways of handing out federal money. Will they, indeed, whip up community spirit? They may, one simply can't predict. But consider that the one device that in fact *has* whipped up community spirit, the Harlem (New York) Co-op, is incredibly simple in design. It's like any co-op, except that the members are Negroes. They get rebates, they get high quality goods, and because it's their co-op, and run by Negroes and neighbors, they're sure they're not getting gypped. We don't see why it is not enough simply to lend money to blacks on easy terms, or guarantee loans, or give tax advantages, or whatever. If the spirit and the leaders are there to get whipped up, then these things will make it easy for the whipping up to take place. But we are suspicious, intuitively suspicious, of some infinitely complex plan for "Community Development Corporations" hatched by 26 publicity-hungry senators in Washington which will suddenly get Negroes excited about their communities when they were not excited before. As a matter of fact, they *are* excited already—about the Harlem Co-op, about decentralization of the school system, about black capitalism. And since they are excited, what they really need are simple tools and simple help, not more "planned excitement" from Washington.

Notes

Asides

A reader writes: "Just thought you might like to have a copy of a letter I recently received at my small manufacturing firm (in Brooklyn). Funny that we should receive this request to show our gratitude for a cool summer.

We've had three breaking-and-enterings in as many weeks. Our losses—\$3,000 in theft and \$10,000 in vandalism." The enclosure, from "The Festival Committee" of Brooklyn, is addressed to "Dear Merchants of Brownsville" and asks for money with which to stage an end-of-summer festival. "Unfortunately," the Committee writes, "no monies have been appropriated by the Federal Government for this affair. Since this festival is for the adults who patronize your store and youth we were able to keep COOL with constructive activities this summer, we once again solicit you for contributions to make this worthwhile cause one that will long be remembered."

■ And another reader writes with unwonted candor. "I have had a brainstorm. How wonderful it would be if Governor Rockefeller would appoint you to fill the vacancy of Senator Robert Kennedy. You and I know that you could never be elected to an office. I wish there was something I could do for you but since there is not I will pray for you. I am mailing Governor Rockefeller a letter suggesting your appointment." (To which the reply will be: "Dear Madam: Governor Rockefeller has asked me to thank you for your suggestion and to assure you that he will give it the deepest consideration.")

Poor Mr. Rockefeller, having to be polite.

■ Speaking of which, a couple of issues ago we contributed, free, gratis, an advertisement geared to the series in which Mr. Rockefeller was announcing his solutions to world problems. It dealt with the problem of refractory children, and so struck the nation with its cogency, that it was reprinted in the *New York Times* AND in *Time Magazine*.

The day after the ad appeared, a lady, who is also a stenographer, undertook to telephone to Rockefeller for President headquarters. The conversation went like this:

CALLER: Hello. I would like one hundred copies of your ad about crime and children. Would you . . .

ROCKEFELLER-FOR-PRESIDENT: Crime and children?

C.: Yes.

RP: Which—where did you see this?

C.: Well, I didn't see it but my husband asked me to call you because he'd like to distribute it. [Pause]

Doesn't that describe it sufficiently to you?

RP: [Indistinguishable]

C.: That's all he jotted down to me. About crime and children.

RP: Can you hold on just a minute please?

C.: Surely.

(Time lapse: $\frac{2}{3}$ minutes.)

RP: Hello. I'll tell you—I don't know quite how to handle this because we did not place that ad. This is something that has been done by someone who is trying to be extra special funny. It's—in other words—it's a joke.

C.: The ad is?

RP: Yes.

C.: Well my husband didn't seem to think so. He said that he wanted to distribute it among his friends and he's a Rockefeller man.

RP: Where—you don't—and you don't have any idea where you saw it? We just saw a copy today that was in a magazine called NATIONAL REVIEW, which is put out by a *New York Post* columnist. I think his name is Bill Buckley.

C.: Are they for Rockefeller?

RP: Well, it's dubious. One just never knows [laughing], but anyway. Oh I'm sorry. Can you hold on just a minute please?

C.: Sure.

(One minute lapse.)

RP: Hello. I'm sorry. Anyway this man is a—he writes for the *New York Post*. He's a syndicated columnist and he also apparently has enough money to publish this magazine on his own and just has done this apparently to be very funny as a take-off on the very serious-type ads that we have been running.

C.: Oh, it's not [indistinguishable] . . .

RP: We have not. No, the Governor has nothing to do with this ad whatsoever. It's the attempt of a man to be humorous.

C.: Well I—I'm amazed, because my husband is an intelligent man and he seemed to think that it was legitimate.

RP: Well if it's the one that he saw . . . There's only . . . All right, we have done no ad on children and crime, and I know—I've got the thing right in front of me. It starts: "Our Kids—Danger." And then the next word is: "Crime." And then it ends up like, you know—I mean it says: "Kids—American kids like yours and mine—fighting over the red crayon." I mean there's no point to the ad at all.

C.: Oh.

RP: And it ends up: "Nee-nee-na-noo-noo. Goo." And you know . . . I mean, it's ridiculous.

C.: Oh. Yes. It seems like . . .

RP: And this certainly is not [laughing] anything that we want distributed in the name of the Governor.

C.: No! I'm surprised. I just wonder now whether I have in mind the right ad. Well I think what I'd better do is . . .

RP: Why don't you check further with him. If there is something else why you know we'll be glad to try to help you.

C.: Oh fine.

RP: But this has not been done with our author—I mean, well of course you can't keep people from doing this.

C.: I see.

RP: But anyway, that's the story behind it. You might ask him where he saw it.

C.: Yes . . .

RP: Or you know, if he just heard about it. Now I have the July 30th issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and that's where we saw it for the first time.

C.: I see. Well I'll tell him that, and perhaps I'll call you back tomorrow.

RP: Okay.

C.: But thank you very much.

RP: You're welcome.

C.: Bye.

RP: Bye.

■ And another letter, from an old friend, Dean Burch of Arizona, former national GOP chairman. We publish it with trepidation because the directors of National Review Inc. ten years ago passed a resolution forbidding NATIONAL REVIEW from raising money other than for NATIONAL REVIEW, for the simple reason that this enterprise would sink except for the philanthropic impulses of its readers. So, in order to be technically correct, we do not endorse Mr. Burch's letter. We merely publish it:

Dear Bill:

I tried to get in touch with you by telephone the last time I was in New York, but you were out of the office and I didn't know where I was going to be from one minute to the next, so I didn't leave a message.

The purpose of my calling, and actually the purpose of this letter is to ask a favor of you—namely, a blurb in your NATIONAL REVIEW column to the effect that although everyone assumes that Senator Goldwater has got all the money he needs to wage his Arizona senatorial campaign, that is simply not the fact. Bill, this is the truth, and the problem that we are running into is that potential contributors feel that either Senator Goldwater is an absolute cinch to win the election or that he already has more than enough money. The former position is probably a credible thought, but our feeling out here is that we are going to run as though we were underdogs in the hopes that we can win and win big.

As far as the money is concerned, we are not in the hole, but on the other hand, the big expenditures will start in September and October, and we have not as yet been able to accumulate the necessary funds for radio, television, etc. If you could mention our difficulty in your column, I know it would be very helpful to us.

With best personal regards,

DEAN BURCH

■ And finally, a most exhilarating memo, dated July 22, from A. L. Campaigne, Circulation Manager, Re: Magazine breakdowns.

The breakdowns for the July 16, 1968 issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine are as follows:

Paid Subscribers	100,014
Complimentary	1,689
Total Copies Mailed	101,703

So, after twelve years, NR has passed the mystical 100,000 mark. If you add newsstand sales, we are well over, nudging 115,000. Thanks. —WFB

A NEW FRONT OPENS



THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, once himself a first-rate player, is a rugby enthusiast. As guest of South African Prime Minister Balthazar J. Vorster in Pretoria the last weekend of July, he enjoyed watching South Africa's top team trounce the visiting British Lions 19-6. But everyone knew that Mr. Smith—who had arrived in a military plane that also brought Rhodesia's Minister of Justice, Law and Order and Minister of Defense and External Affairs—would be discussing a sport much rougher than rugby. This weekend gathering was a council of war. It marked the fact that the war for southern Africa has begun.

In Rhodesia itself the preliminary skirmishes started August 13 last year. Exile guerrillas belonging to the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU, the Rhodesian revolutionary organization) and the African National Congress (ANC, the South African revolutionary organization) made their way across the Zambezi into the Wankie area in northwestern Rhodesia. They held out for three weeks before the last were either killed, captured or driven back into Zambia.

The Fortress Invested

The presence of ANC members signified what was also clear from the strategic realities: that South Africa was the prime target. On Sept. 10, 1967, a column of armored cars manned by South African security police crossed the Limpopo to take their place on the Rhodesian front. Before long they were joined by South African helicopters.

At the end of March there was a sizable infiltration which began a new phase. In the trial of 32 captured guerrillas, just concluded in Salisbury, the prosecuting attorney said they had been part of a group of "more than a hundred." In April the Rhodesian government made its first callup of territorials (reservists, comparable to our National

Guard). On April 19 Lardner-Burke warned: "It would be wishful thinking to suggest we have won the battle against terrorists. The so-called liberation movement . . . is likely to coordinate on an increasing scale, and many more men are undergoing training."

Since both sides use psychological warfare as a prime weapon, it is impossible to know the exact truth about the numbers of men now active, the armament, deployment and casualties. But whatever the details, it is no longer a question of an occasional raid into Rhodesian territory. Operations in Rhodesia are now continuous: apparently the guerrillas now have at least two permanent bases and numerous arms caches in the Rhodesian bush. In July the *Johannesburg Sunday Times* stated: "The guerrilla campaign against Rhodesia is now a full-scale war of attrition."

If we enlarge our perspective to continental scale, we see at once that, strategically, the Rhodesian action merely completes a vast front that runs from the mouth of the Congo on the west coast to Cape Delgado on the east. The entire "southern fortress" is now under siege. As in the case of the Rhodesian sector, the contradictory and often fantastic claims of all sides make it impossible to determine exactly how things stand on the Angola and Mozambique sectors. Dr. Eduardo Mondlane's recent boasts in a Dar Es-Salaam interview that FRELIMO (the principal revolutionary organization operating in Mozambique) has an army of 8,000 active in a third of the province and controlling a fifth were almost certainly fantasy. But it is a fact that in proportion to home population Portugal is spending three or four times as much on her military operations in Mozambique as the U. S. is spending in Vietnam. There are believed to be three more or less distinct guerrilla groups operating in north, eastern and southwestern Angola—the last on the Cunene River which constitutes the northern border of much disputed Southwest

Africa.

The main ANC, ZAPU and FRELIMO training bases are in Tanzania; ANC and ZAPU also have bases in Zambia, which country they must in any case cross to reach Rhodesia. The Angola groups have mostly used Congolese bases. Instructors include Cubans, Chinese and Algerians. A good many Africans have had training in Cuba, Algeria or China, in some cases in the Soviet Union, East Germany or Czechoslovakia. The weapons are mostly Chinese and Soviet.

A Hint From Dayan?

So Prime Ministers Vorster and Smith and their colleagues had plenty to talk about after watching the rugger. On July 25, the day before Smith's arrival in Pretoria, there had been a military funeral in Port Elizabeth for Constable Du Toit, the first South African acknowledged to have been killed on the Rhodesian front. On the 28th, the Nationalist newspaper *Dagbreek*, called for South African military help to Mozambique and perhaps Angola. Three days later South African Defense Minister Botha declared: "True friends need no signed treaties. South Africa has an interest in what is happening in Angola, Rhodesia and Mozambique. . . . The onslaughts there are aimed at South Africa, about that we have no illusions."

Meanwhile the Defense Ministry in Pretoria has been studying Israel's counter-strategy against Arab guerrilla incursions. Botha remarked this spring that "provocations can lead to hard retaliation in the interests of self-respect and peace"; he narrowed his meaning by reference to Israeli raids against the trans-Jordan Fatah bases. There are those in the southern fortress who are unwilling to sit passive while the guerrillas build up into a trained and coordinated army—into a Vietcong. They urge a Dayan-style preventive and exemplary strike against the bases in Zambia and Tanzania. □

*... and so to Miami: the Glamor Boys of the Eastern Establishment,
and the conservative Lochinvar from the West,
to meet defeat at the hands of Richard (The Loser) Nixon,
fastest draw in the middle*

THE NIXON CONVENTION

GARRY WILLS

THERE WERE two conventions, just as there are two Miamis—first, Miami Beach, literal fiction, thing *made*; second, the city of Miami itself, reality from which the Beach escapes in dream. The Beach's convention was a dazzle of noise and light; and so, in chattering flashes, was Miami's. While the nominations went forward Thursday night, I ducked under a tree, out of the play of spotlights and glisten of pop bottles. Branches and limbs went crazy at the helicopter buzzing over (almost in) them, giant mixmaster stirring the tree. Down the street, Claude Kirk was isolated, the lone white man, in a community center ringed with battle. The governor of Florida was, for a moment, a captive in his own state. The bottles, in the splintery light, spun with an unreal beauty. Back in the convention hall, Rockefeller demonstrators were throwing styrene-foam snowballs, which sped from the hand a few feet, then slowed to dream-tempo, like the speeches arcing out over the crowd, bravely launched but landing with no impact. The bottles, alas, are not dreamed. They land and leave a rainy litter under the helicopter's thousand-watt gaze.

Balloons cascade to the floor and are punctured in a deafening machine-gun fire. Meanwhile, under the tree, I listen to police debate what kind of fire that was in the next block. The chopper's lights, with each whirl of the blade, repeating, print and reprint leaf-patterns on the street. War is not beautiful; only its side products. It takes night and fear and a helicopter to make one notice leaves on 62nd Street. This Miami never reached the Beach, with its bristle of imported palm trees. There was a chasm between the two, wider than Biscayne Bay—between the bright leaf-

etchings (bitten instantly into the street, dissolved, reassembled, design superimposed on design) and the mockery machine-gun fire of the balloons. The chasm was intended, of course: one of the Beach's principal attractions as a convention site was its detachability from the mainland—pull up the bridges on the Causeways, and the slender ridge raised out of swamp is, for all purposes, adrift in the Atlantic. Never more adrift, despite its intact Causeways, than last week, with all its rollicking Republican passengers.

What the Platform Said

THEY ARRIVED in the order of their chances—the Glamor Boys first, all so bright last January, all suddenly dimmed: Percy everywhere, in the ghetto, in the pool, on the tennis courts (blonds do have more fun); Lindsay, tanned bemused Gregory Peck, trying to insert something in the platform to justify his being Republican; Romney, still electric with the wild unexpellable poisons of his hope renounced. For four years, ever since Goldwater's defeat, they had been telling themselves—using their private Western Union, the *New York Times*, to transmit the message back and forth—that the future of the Republican Party, assuming it to have any future at all, was wrapped in their shiny tresses. The Right had tried, and failed, and died. The Party would mend its ways now or perish. True, contrary rumors began circulating sometime in 1968; but the Glamor Boys had heard about their own inevitability for so long that they came down early to set the tone of what they took to be their bash. A new recruit to Glamor—Dan Evans of Washington—was to keynote the con-

vention (youth, freshness, progress—all the code words for the old Party of pre-Goldwater days). Ed Brooke would prove black is beautiful at the opening session. And the aging Glamor Boy from New York, patron of all the others, would be the first of the Big Three to arrive—he had, of course, been busy for months in the laudable work of undoing himself, but he seemed to have withstood even *his* best efforts at demolition, and was known as a master of the hard-sell blintzkrieg. Maybe, the liberal press could still try to assure itself, what we have been saying for four years might turn out to be true.

So they came, gamboling up the green lawn to their father's house, shuddering at the thought of the vulgar tenants who invaded it for the infamous binge in '64, but confident they could put things back in order, once they arrived. But there in the doorway, with his scrambled-egg hair and winding wine-cellar voice, was the hired housekeeper, who knew, what the Glamor Boys couldn't work in past their lovely visages, who owned the silverware and cigars inside. He chatted pleasantly with the boys, but wouldn't let them in. Just for good measure, the titular head of the family—faded a bit himself, looking as if Mr. Clean had grown suddenly eighty years old—sent a note saying the boys were not to be admitted. At the last convention, he had made the mistake of inviting yesterday's Glamor Boy, Willie Scranton, in for a drink: but discreet coughings and clearings of throat made him realize that *that* title to the estate had lapsed so Scranton was sent back out to the croquet court.

Lindsay was allowed to tell the platform committee what the Kerner Com-

mission and the peaceniks think of everything; but Dirksen—a master of the art—made the platform say nothing, and made it say that it said it courageously. Peace with honor—which means, in context, peace with war. A bid for the Negro vote, along with heavy winking over the phraseology of law and order—which, in context, means votes, but not from Negroes. The platform announced, of course, that it was on the side of progress—thus laying the nation's great spectral fear that the Party would attack Motherhood; but no one should be fooled, and fall into the easy temptation of thinking the platform said nothing. What it said, and all it said, was that the Glamor Boys looked good out on the lawn but wouldn't, at nightfall, be invited in for dinner.

Rocky Arrives

AFTER ALL his old stalking horses had checked in, Rocky came—black comedy Falstaff, not only disastrous in himself, but the cause of disaster in others. He was personally responsible for the only major defections from the Establishment—those of potential Glamor Boys Hatfield and Agnew. He was not only a late starter; he had developed a fascination with the starting gate, and kept circling through it as if it were a revolving door. But despite (and because of) his masterminding of defeat, month after month, throughout the last year, he was still the only standard the Establishment could rally to. He came to the sound of bronx trumpets blown over his last well-publicized setback. His strategy called for a series of ads giving the graven truths of Rockefeller—truths chiseled for the ages, like his father's father's creed on the plaque in front of Rockefeller Center's skating rink. They went in the style of those container ads—you know, things like "Truth is better than falsehood"—Plato." So, on page after full page of the newspapers, we were assured of things like "Light is better than darkness"—Rocky." But what it was all *really* meant to say was: winning is better than losing. The climax to this drumroll was to be the counting of the polls, public and private—which would confirm one of those old truths which the Establishment calls "the new politics." The particular old truth in question was that "Nixon is a loser"—and

the depth of conviction over it supplied the measure of shock given to adherents of such superstition. The polls couldn't make up our minds because they couldn't—except in face-saving gesture and by scholastic distinguishings—make up their own minds. Even the Nixon people had expected something a little more challenging; they had prepared a trenchant pooh—and tendentious—pooh on all polls; but these printed scoffings were left in the warehouse, unneeded. No one had to supply ammunition against Rocky; he buys his own.

Still, he had to make the scheduled attempt to repossess the East's old property. Right of inheritance was stressed by Rocky's backers—e.g., all five of the last Republican national chairmen (Hugh Scott, Meade Alcorn, Len Hall, Bill Miller, Thruston Morton). Political success, apparently, has its "burnt-out cases," just like leprosy—diseases not as disparate as they seem. Most of these burnt-out cases set out to meet Rocky at the airport, starting from the Americana Hotel—Rocky's headquarters, and New York's; symbolically, the most distant from the convention hall of all the candidates'. And who set out with them—they wouldn't, would they?—yes, they did: Scranton, a raven too pleasant to croak, was on hand at least to coo his Nevermore. He came out of the hotel wearing a seersucker sport coat and his baroque *putto* smile. A woman recognized him, and cried "Governor!" He turned angelically, smiled (at the wrong lady), waved (at an empty space of driveway), and bumped into the unmothballed battleship of the convoy, Len Hall. Willie then rebounded on a waiting car, which he tried to enter, but, as Hall insisted it was not theirs, he caromed genially round the proper car door, dove in, and drove off. It approximated Rocky's gyrations at, from, and into candidacy this year. In fact, Rocky's comings and (mainly) goings, his ingenious new ways of losing support, made Scranton seem almost a shrewd navigator.

Out at the airport, Gov. Claude Kirk joined this gaudy troop of losers, and a quick Florida rainstorm made them all run for cover. Kirk's face is plastered all over Miami, on billboards, on each elevator permit; one expects, any day, to find it on the state's liquor stamps. Today he wears a bright orange sport coat, seersucker pants,

black socks, white shoes. He is noticeable. His sudden devotion to Rockefeller is a byproduct, merely, of his fight with Florida State Chairman William Murfin to control the Party in his state. Rocky is a weapon to use against Nixon (i.e., Murfin); given the chance, Kirk would just as soon (maybe rather) use Reagan for the same purpose. The orange coat bounced, like a lopsided balloon, up the stairs to the plane, and its wearer bussed Happy on the cheek; then, after others had got to her, he shouldered through the crowd to put his arm around her. He is a great hugger. On Thursday night, when the rioting began, he would rush over to 62nd Street, throw his arms around every kid he saw on the street and try to reason with him. Soon he had reassembled, by these means, the very crowd cops labored all afternoon to disperse. The helmeted police looked on this intrusion with a bitter disbelief—but John Lindsay has made riot-walking mandatory on all applicants for Glamorboyhood. When Claude's sweet reason didn't work, he let himself be led to a community center where the Negroes could voice their grievances. On the way there, while young kids shoved and taunted him, he would grab the nearest specimen, pin it to him in a smothering parody of concern, and ask what, after all, is the matter ("You a big liar, thass what's the matter"). He was in his shirtsleeves there; the sunset coat did not get damaged. The few other white men nudging down the street with him were not as lucky. One of the Governor's security officers started beating his hip vigorously; shortly after that, I felt a strange quick warmth and found one of my plastic press cards was blazing merrily in the side pocket of my suit coat. Youngsters on Miami's 62nd Street learn at an early age that game of lighted cigarette in honkey's pocket. At the door to the community center, everyone is frisked for weapons—Kirk's bodyguards thus get turned away. And, of course, the white press is excluded. Nor can all the blacks fit in the hall, reached down a long narrow corridor. Left outside, they mill in frustration, call others in to the clamor, and toss bottles at a liquor store next door. Soon the whole crowd is at war with a hastily growing number of cops—while Kirk's security men fret at the job of extracting him from the burrow he has gone down. The Governor must

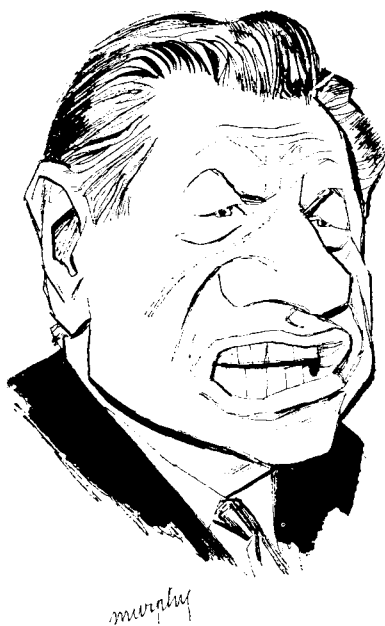
learn that Lindsay orchestrates these things better; Prince John never assumes that popular esteem for him will outrun his own.

This, then, was the Claude Kirk who went out, with Scranton, to bless Rocky and set up a chorus to call *Nixon* a loser. There is only a light scatter of onlookers as the plane lands (Rocky's staff memorandum said, "NAR should be greeted at the Miami airport by a major crowd").

But, despite the meager attendance, up go the arms, out goes the smile, as soon as he emerges from the torso of the jet (his eyes disappear in the crinkling, all that is left of his face is that wide doomed rictus). With no crowds to address, he turns to the reporters; he can be heard only by those in the first ring of men who, with their microphones, tighten around the welcoming committee. Scranton, early and easily detached from that committee, wanders distractedly around the edges of the crowd. He hasn't had a chance, yet, to shake Rocky's hand. Then into the buses for a motorcade to the 76th Street Beach. Press bus first—I get to the last seat: there, behind us, is the bus with Rocky's party; as soon as we get to Miami's outskirts he moves into the well beside the driver, stands there, signaling hands and teeth at the ready, behind the sunshade blue of the glass, shark grin swimming up to the side of the goldfish bowl. There are few people on the street, and they have no time to recognize the dim figure behind blue glass, but he waves and grins determinedly, delivering his standard patter for the benefit of those in the front seats of his bus: "Over here, lady. Yes, it's Rocky. Come and get it. Fooled you, didn't I, lady? And you—are—going to—yes—have an accident." All this squeezed out through his big teeth in their deathclamp parody of laughter. At the public Beach, a good band has been warming up the transient audience, helped by singers Gordon MacRae and Nancy Ames. The rally is on a bit of lawn in front of the sand, and most of the crowd, young and bikini'd, has wandered up from the surf. A boy is doing trampoline leaps flashing the sign "Rocky" from various ludicrous postures at the height of his bounce. Up on the platform, Mrs. Rockefeller stands, looking vaguely embarrassed, behind a bump-and-grinding Go-Go Girl (off-hip synchronized with alternating hand flung—bump—up in the

V-for-Victory sign). Happy is tall, tall as her husband despite deferential low heels, broad-shouldered, bushy-browed and athletic-looking. She has the graceful ungainliness and the charm (and the calves) of a schoolgirl. Her hair lifts with the quick motion of her head when anyone shouts "Happy!"

Ferrety Bill Miller gets up and says Rocky is the one who can win—Miller says this, the one man who could actually detract from the Goldwater ticket in '64. Miller has stripped to his shirtsleeves beneath Miami's triphammer sun. So has Rocky, to engage in some beefy hugging and hand-waving with Kirk. Now the candidate is on, the crowd in slaphappy sunstruck euphoria of song: "Oh when the *Rock*, comes marching in." They seemed to be more in love with the song than with the candidate, to judge by the difficulty the latter had in displacing the former. "It's a thrill for us from New York—and about half of us are from New York—to be in May-ah-mee" (which is, at least, better than Eisenhower's Mee-ah-mee). Cheers, but mild ones. He made the mistake of speaking the truth; and the young, who make up most of the crowd, are no more enamored of that commodity



than their elders are. The young sun-cakes on the beach are "second generation" kids not anxious to remember the mother country. Barry Goldwater wanted to saw New York away from America (something criticized as parochial by people who long ago sawed America off from New York and let the whole country slide away beyond

their view). Barry's wish was super-erogatory. It has already been done. "The Beach" is New York South, sawed off and drifting. It has all of New York's faults, and none of its virtues. The tenement spirit breathes here in the most expensive hotels, which shoulder each other aside for their disputed bit of ocean as tenement dwellers fight for every inch of frontage on street or backage on yard. Dyspeptic New York cabbies die and go to hell in Miami. The place has a stingy competitive extravagance worse than squalor. It lacks even the blatant popcorn-at-the-matinee vulgarity of Atlantic City. It is a place where people who lived all their lives near the Waldorf get a sick revenge on it by shabby mimicry. And now here was Rocky, with his baggage of blintz humor, trying to remind the young men of that Egypt from which their fathers fled. The real Waldorf was trying to ingratiate itself with the Waldorf-parody. Someone cheered him, and he said, "That man must be a New Yorker." The voice shouted back, interrupting, "No! Floridian!" At least, Floridian now.

Rocky thanked the distinguished people on the bandstand for welcoming him: "And Governor Scranton is here—he must have got lost in the crowd. You'll recognize him if you see him." Sure enough, swept around the platform, sponging through the sand, he was being shuttled back and forth by matrons recognizing him; shaking hands, Flintstone lips in their saccharine smile, courtly Lord Dubiety. The body of Rocky's talk had two themes—that he alone can win, and that he represents the *youth* of America. To prove he is a winner, Rocky resorts to the polls (his staff had planned a great booklet of overwhelming tables and poll-counts, a project that—just like Nixon's answer—had to be scrapped when the polls were refractory). He inches out what advantage he can from a subject that has supplied all the jokes in Miami for the last week. It takes nerve to do that—and to keep calling yourself a winner when flanked by a team that includes Len Hall (last seen in the snows of New Hampshire trying to unwash Romney's brain), Bill Miller (Barry's personal choice for albatross) and Bill Scranton (who has been found now, and is pushed through the ranks of entertainers onto the platform). All Rocky

needs now is an endorsement from Harold Stassen.

"Three months ago I made a commitment—to offer our party a choice" (Barry's theme!). "We need a new leadership to replace the old politics" (there they were, all in a row, sagely nodding, Meade Alcorn, Len Hall and Bill Scranton—our new leaders). "The youth of the nation owes a debt to Senator McCarthy." Rocky, with all the passion of his own improbability, admires the peaceniks who made the improbable McCarthy's campaign possible. "That's why I'm for eighteen-year-olds voting." Everything was pitched to this. His attitude on Vietnam? It has swallowed up "twenty-five thousand young Americans."

Rocky on youth is dealing with a subject that is obviously near to his heart. His reedy voice blats nasally, and he gives the impression, as he peace-marches vicariously through his speech, of a leering uncle who remembers *his* gay days. Rocky, alone of the Republicans, is trying to turn youth into a constituency, as Bobby Kennedy did in the Democratic Party; and, like Bobby, he becomes at times a middle-aged caricature of youth. But Bobby, at least, was aping contemporary youth—Bob Dylan on the stump. In Rockefeller's case, Dartmouth of the Thirties fights off Haight-Ashbury of the Sixties. What both Bobby and Rockefeller forgot is that the warmest response of youth has been to the most unequivocally *adult* candidate, Eugene McCarthy, who never acts half his age. The young, of course, can be flattered and exploited, like every other group. But the young, so far as they exist as a distinct political group (they are hardly a constituency), will become effective not by isolation from society, but acceptance into it. That is what McCarthy means to anyone of sense. Rockefeller has taken a walk into the separate world of the teen set, just as Kirk walks through the ghetto, pretending to be at home where he isn't. Rocky's first event in Miami, this phony beach party with the trampoline boys and the Go-Go girls, is a perfect symbol of his desperate irrelevance at the convention. The 76th St. Beach was far from convention hall, and a good distance from all major hotels. No politicians were there except his wheezing welcoming committee. No public was there except the chance swimmers and passersby. No press but

what came in his own bus. As Rocky ended his speech, another flash of Miami rain hit the crowd. People tried to use Rockefeller placards as umbrellas, but they soon disintegrated.

Reagan Rides By

ALL THE WEEKEND before the convention's first session was streaked with showers. A crowd of almost a thousand pushed in and out of the airport doors Saturday night, waiting for the big jet bringing California's delegation and its favorite son. It was a good reception for the one remaining non-candidate of the Party. In the contest to see who, as Bill Rusher put it, would "chicken in," Reagan had kept his cool while Romney and Rockefeller, in and out, competed for the Stassen-of-the-Year award. Of course, as critics said, Reagan has excellent qualifications for achieving non-candidacy. Four years ago, pundits thought the Party's right wing had only one problem—how to expire with some relicts of decency. But the unobliging conservatives, who knew the reports of their death were exaggerated, faced a less cosmic dilemma: they had no candidate. Barry gone, there was no national figure with any political sex-appeal. Reagan, who made his name with "the Speech" at the end of Goldwater's campaign, had all the sex-appeal in the world, but no political base or record or experience. That was changed (slightly) in 1966, and Clif White, who conjured Goldwater out of a lamp (only to see him go up in smoke when Barry changed magicians) went to work on Reagan. Financed by Henry Salvatore, White began scouting the delegations, assembling his team: back in October of last year, he was already calling meetings to plan a campaign for Reagan. Now, at the top of the Deauville Hotel, each of the country's regions was being wooed out of separate war-rooms (which, on Monday, when the convention opened, became separate cubicles in the staff moving-van, a convention "trailer" with the hopeful number tacked on, 3505A). On the eve of the convention, a Miami TV channel asked viewers to phone in "yes" or "no" for Reagan as President: 76 per cent of those who called from Dade County wanted him, and 77 per cent for Broward County.

But he was still a sleeper, by design. White's judgment was that his man got

maximum visibility and minimum vulnerability by clinging to his favorite-son candidacy and no more. Let the press and public underestimate him for as long as possible. The longer he was around in a political role, but not as a Presidential candidate, the less people would think of him as simply an actor. Besides, his appeal to the all-important South was as the one Republican who could fight off the battalions of cab-drivers and bee-yu-tishuns under their Edward G. Robinson leader, Little George. But that issue could not be stated directly. It would sink in as the summer—and the rioting, and Wallace—rolled along. Reagan had to be the law-and-order candidate without being too provocative. Tough Chief Headley of the Miami police was an example of the dangers of toughness: when Mayor Hall joined Claude Kirk in the ghetto,



the crowd shouted, "Now we want Headley!" "Yeah, we want to burn him!" "Let him bring his dogs, but come!" They drowned out Kirk's appeals with the chant "We want Headley!" But they couldn't have him. The controversial police chief was "on vacation" during the convention week. When rioting broke out, Kirk put the Dade County Sheriff in charge of the National Guard and other forces. Headley was a red flag for the bull. So would Reagan be. That is why he must make his appeal indirectly, all mildness and modesty in person.

When Reagan's plane put down, in intermittent drizzle, the Governor went up onto a platform to greet the damp crowd. His wife was introduced first, as the next First Lady of the land: she had to force her wide lovely eyes even wider—a bit less lovely for the artifice. Then it was the turn of “the next President of the United States,” who expertly drew his head into his shoulders with an aw-shucks motion and a deprecating grin. That was, of course, the role assigned him, and he played it well. But the fiction was wearing very thin. The Secret Service men at his elbows; the intricately wired moving van outside convention hall; the schedule for the next day, and he would run from delegation to delegation giving this year's version of the Speech—all these made it clear he was running, and running hard. But still his strategy demanded non-declaration. White's idea was to do all the bargaining in the back room himself, and let Reagan come to town like Mr. Deeds, sincere, “non-political,” too good to be true (a double-edged phrase to be sure). The princess in her tower, torn by doubt on the eve of her wedding, respecting the heir she is pledged to but not loving him, was to be given a glimpse of the handsome young knight riding by. Smitten, she cries to him; he takes her from her imprisoning tower of obligation, lifts her to the saddle, and rides off. That is the dream his friends dreamed nightly. But what if she were not smitten at once? Would the knight have to contrive ways to keep riding past her tower all day and all night? And what if that didn't work? Then the knight would have to rein around and race up to the tower professing *himself* smitten—at which point the princess might wonder why he was so indifferent during the long process of engagement and wedding preparations.

Those were the dangers in the role Reagan (and White) had chosen. They became obvious the minute Reagan opened his mouth in Miami: “How did you know we were coming?” he asked in fake surprise. Even a professional actor could not keep up the pretense with total lack of irony, the strain was too great. In his very first sentence, he let himself peek around the mask and wink. But once he had done that, he was in trouble. Mr. Deeds cannot be Machiavellian, any more than Snow White can be a flirt. There is something unsettling in the fact that Destiny's Tot

had a personal destiny-machine named White. But however much he might play with the mask, Reagan was still not allowed to drop it. He immediately resumed his concerned-citizen posture; said the serious business ahead was to fashion a solid Republican Party, and that his interest in this was as a Governor who had begun to restore California to its people (rescuing the poor thing from its own government).

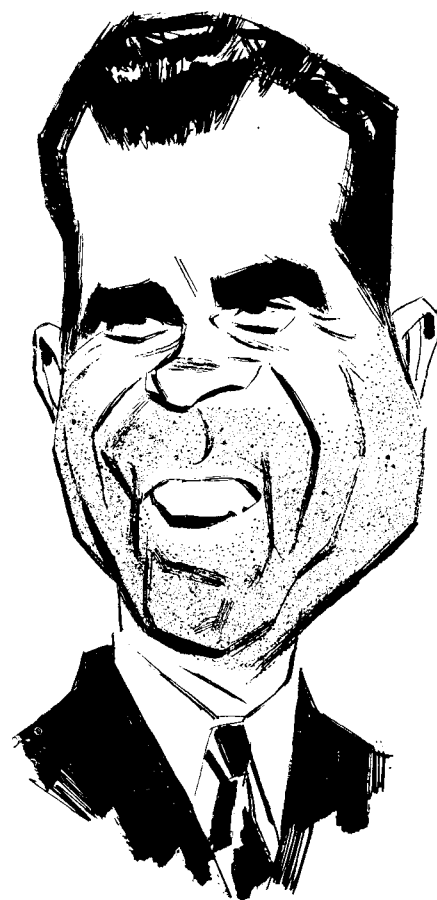
Inside the airport, reporters pushed at him. Did he really think “the office sought the man” at any point in the past? “I don't, honestly, know whether it's doing it this time.” Would he consider the Vice Presidency? “Definitely not.” (White had to have as tough a no on this as Reagan could forge—the Southern delegates had to think they could get him only in the top spot if they were to break from Nixon, and on their breaking the whole gamble depended.) If he was not a candidate, why had he scheduled a breakneck tour of the delegations next day (the knight actually has *maps* showing him how to pass the tower at the most flattering angle for his profile)? “Well, some delegations have asked to hear my philosophy, my—approach.” The tentative grand modulated to a careful modest. The phrase sounded so spontaneous and sincere—until I heard that perfectly paced discovery of the right word repeated time after time throughout the week. It is an achievement to remain nonchalant on the fifth ride past the tower; but the situation is embarrassing, even if the knight goes on looking unembarrassed.

But who could doubt him, so slight in build, so unpretentious in manner? Huddled with reporters in that muggy airport, with TV lights on him, he was the only man there who was not sweating. One felt that if he did, it would be orange juice. He looked theatrical as a Hirschfeld drawing—long straight lines of hair, cross-hatchings where the contour demands them, tilted and bunched Hirschfeld lines on the brow when he frowned his superseriousness. He was wearing what would be his uniform for the next week—light sport jacket (thin stripes that blur to a solid at any distance), dark slacks, and—so help me—brown shoes straight out of the Forties, the kind with the all-white panel out in front of the laces. His wife, very small despite her large actor-features, gazed at him, as always, with utter devotion. In a husband-adoration contest

with Lenore Romney, Nancy would, after hours of hard work at the awe-machine, melt first. There is an impure admixture, in Lenore's rapt eyes, of *command* (“If you don't make it *this* time, George . . .”). Nancy Reagan is totally feminine; and the only candidate's wife who regularly, repeatedly thanked the Secret Service men who worked her through the knotting crowds. The only placard that made much sense in convention hall was “Nancy For First Lady.”

Nixon Sits Tight

THOUGH REAGAN had so far refused to “chicken in,” he could not possibly outdo Nixon's cool. The man who had, in his early career, given the impression of a sweating over-eager district attorney had become an elder statesman. He fixed his park bench in Montauk, Long Island, and there pulled a Bernard Ba-



ruch. He turned down challenges for debate, taunts from Rocky, offers of appearances, equal time on TV earned for him by his rivals. His game now was Don't Blow It.

He had moved in early. In '66, when Reagan was just getting elected for the

first time, Nixon was campaigning everywhere for everyone Republican. When the talk was all of the Glamor Boys and the Right's demise, Nixon seemed the only person left for those undazzled by Chuck and George, Rocky and Prince John. The Hon. Ron's unobtrusiveness was too perfect. There was no one left for the conservatives but old tried-and-true himself. So Nixon came to the convention with the money, the celebrities, the senators, the workers that had belonged to Goldwater—Barry himself, John Tower, Strom Thurmond, Ev Dirksen, Pete O'Donnell, Richard Kleindienst, even John Wayne. Nixon sewed things up so well that even *Ike* gave Dick a less than normally timid endorsement. Nixon came to the convention in control of the conservatives; and he knows the Party well enough to have foreseen that this would give him control of the convention. He had realized back in January that the Glamor Boys were made of newspaper and would crumple in time. That is why he risked the all-out primary route, pitting his loser image against all the grins and gold hairs the Establishment could throw at him. He demolished George, scared Rocky off (on *one* of his turns through the starting gate), outlasted and outprimed and, finally, even outpolled the competition.

But there was one popularity contest he did not, this late in the game, want to risk. He is still dutifully accepted by the Party, not wildly adored. He would not go out and mess with the handsome knight doing his carousel-ride round and round the tower. That was where the real challenge was—and the South would be the test. Nixon had to keep the South, not by trying to outcharm Reagan, but by hard Party bargaining. Clif White might work miracles, but not, in the Southern league, against Thurmond and Tower and Barry. Besides, Nixon had to get through the nomination with his freedom to move left only minimally impaired. For all these reasons, he stayed out of town until after the opening day of the convention. He had a huge staff producing busy-work for the press, sweetly massaging delegates, throwing parties and making gestures in Miami ("Drop by and meet Wilt Chamberlain"). Meanwhile, he stayed on his bench; issued prepared TV broadcasts in which he talked of all the world leaders he has known; floated reports that he would

visit Russia. As pressure built up, he directed the team by phone; he was getting stuck even tighter to his bench with the old sweat; he knew what would happen if his hold on the conservatives got broken by a Southern defection to Reagan. By the weekend it was clear to him he would have to make concessions to keep the South in line; but he let his lieutenants do the haggling and find out just how high the price would be (it grew fairly high, and he had to pay it).

His arrival eclipsed everything that had preceded it—the arrivals of the Glamor Boys, and of Rocky, and of Reagan. It overshadowed the whole first day of the convention, with its two ceremonial sessions (where John Wayne got the only big hand, with his famous impression of David Brinkley's stop-and-go bitten-off delivery). The crowd at the airport was about the same size as that which greeted Reagan; but this was only the beginning. The real crush came at the Hilton Plaza, which was henceforth as much the center of the convention as the official headquarters, the Fontainebleau. Traffic was blocked off; a Negro band minstreled away; multi-colored squirts of balloons went bumping up the hotel façade as boys opened large cardboard crates of the

gas-inflated toys; the official slogan was everywhere (even one very pregnant woman had a button proclaiming Nixon's the One); a nervous snap in the air, set off in part by toy "grasshoppers" given out so the crowd could "click with Dick." The clicking would go on all week, in and out of the convention hall, the quiet but omnipresent music of the *fait accompli*. No trumpets. No trombones. Just Clicky Dick.

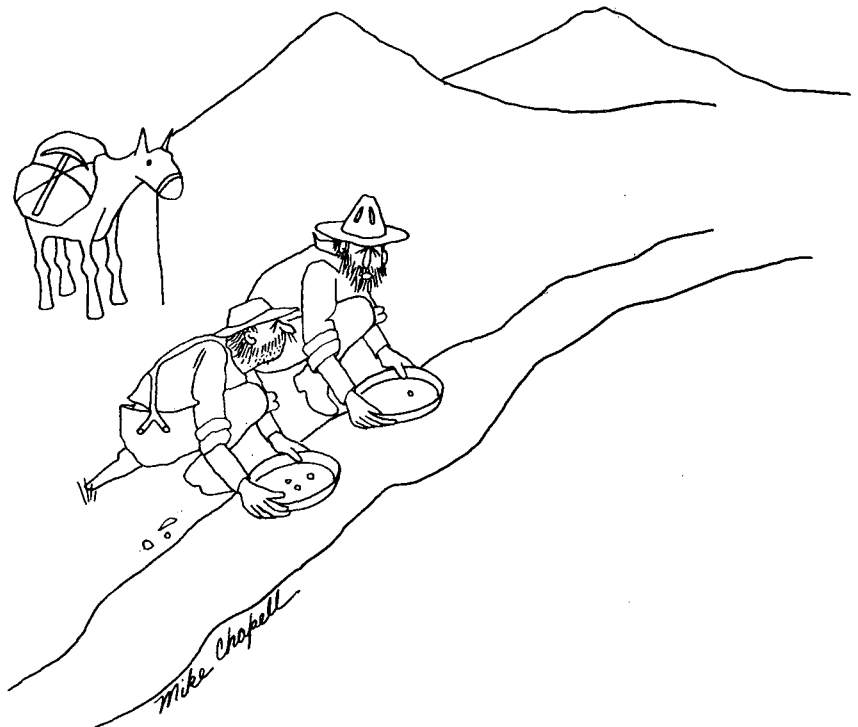
The deals, the smiles and knives, that followed; the big push to get over on the first ballot; the defeat of White's tactics by Nixon's Southern strategy; Strom's gift to the nation, Ted Agnew—all these things were re-

(Continues on p. 869)

Dyspepsia

Jacob Javits isn't well.
Rocky's had another spell.
Percy, speaking stomach-wise,
Says he's got to alkalyze.
David Brinkley's looking green.
Lindsay's back in quarantine.
Thruston Morton's got the pip.
Jackie Robinson jumped ship!
With this galaxy uptight,
Nixon's doing *something* right.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Well you see the assay ton bears the same relation to the milligram that a ton of 2000 pounds avoirdupois bears to the ounce troy; hence the weight in milligrams of precious metal obtained from one assay ton of ore gives directly the number of troy ounces to the net ton."

SEDUCTION OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

MICHAEL A. WEINSTEIN

A FULL OPPORTUNITY and Social Accounting bill has been introduced in the Senate. It enunciates lofty goals. Federal responsibility "to promote and encourage such conditions as will give every American the opportunity to live in decency and dignity" is asserted. (Naturally, such responsibility must be "consistent with the primary responsibilities of state and local governments and the private sector.") *Health, education, and training, rehabilitation, housing, vocational opportunities, the arts and humanities, and special assistance for the mentally ill and retarded, the deprived, the abandoned, and the criminal. . . .* It sings and sings.

What on earth is new here? What would the bill really do? It would: a) require the President to transmit to Congress each year a Social Report analyzing progress in securing decency and dignity and plans to secure more thereof, prepared by b) a three-man Council of Social Advisers appointed by the President, aided by innumerable consultants and bureaucrats, and generally held in check by c) a Congressional Joint Committee on the Social Report, which would conduct hearings, hire innumerable consultants and bureaucrats of its own, and report on the Report.

Those Unmet Needs

The over-all goal is a unified social policy for the United States. Existing programs on all levels would be harmonized. The gaps would be spotted and new programs neatly tailored to fit. Things would move forward in unison, serenely, coordinated, like a clock. Like the Council of *Economic* Advisers does for the economy.

The bill is the baby of Senator Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.). Co-sponsors are Senators Clark, Harris, Inouye, Kennedy, McCarthy, McGee, Muskie, Nelson and Proxmire.

What's wrong with it? Lots of things. Besides the obvious points that you

can't buy decency and dignity, that mere improved coordination will not necessarily result in progress, and that there are some areas—like the arts and humanities—whose value derives from a delicately held freedom and zest easily disturbed by government interference, the bill is profoundly objectionable for the harm it would inflict on the social sciences in this country.

It is safe to assume that the Council and its numerous consultants would include principally sociologists, psychologists and political scientists. Sociologists already speak about their widespread prostitution to the highest bidder, and this problem would be infinitely aggravated by a Council of Social Advisers dispersing opulent grants on a wide scale.

These grants would be oriented toward research on immediate problems. The social scientist would be expected to ferret out unmet needs and suggest ways of filling them consonant with the policies of the Administration. A large number of academicians would thus be drawn into support of current political doctrine, would become, in effect, paid ideologists at the expense of independent work. They would tend to turn away from research which interested them and substitute for it a concern with quick solutions for filling contrived social needs. The young social scientist working for high professional status would discern that "making it" involved winning a grant from the Council, and would be understandably reluctant to criticize current social policy.

Another pernicious effect of the Council plan would be to put those sociologists, psychologists and political scientists who employ literary and historical methods at a greater disadvantage than they are even at present. It can be safely predicted that the Council would assure the overwhelming dominance of statistical surveys. Many social scientists have bravely resisted this trend, but they have been waging a losing battle for the allegiance of

graduate students because of the attraction of large grants. Agencies will not fund non-statistical research because they share the national passion for anything that looks like science and because statistical research appears tangible. You seem to get something for your money even if it's worthless. For example, if an agency wants to anticipate the acceptance a new program will gain, it will not hire a historically minded sociologist to write a relevant account but will rather have a behavioral scientist conduct an attitude survey. Many surveyors will be employed at great cost. Even if the results are questionable the agency will point to the money spent and use parts of the report selected to support what the agency wanted to do in the first place.

Right of Privacy

A final danger lies in the Council's power to use statistical information of other government agencies. Breaches of individual privacy would be likely. Income tax returns are useful sources of information as are criminal records and the records of mental patients. Mondale and his associates show little sensitivity to the possible consequences of the Council using information of federal agencies "to the fullest extent possible." Perhaps they believe that sociologists would not misuse such data. Perhaps they don't know many sociologists.

Finally, it is fair to ask if social scientists can even come up with the answers that the senators are looking for. The social sciences are inexact, unlike physics, unlike even economics. There is nothing resembling a sound theory of human activity. Social scientists argue among themselves. They tend not to trust one another, and especially not to trust those in different disciplines. They tend, in addition, often to overspecialize and to be ignorant in the humanities. Viewed in the best possible light, the reasons which social scientists advance for a particular program are often confused. It is highly doubtful that these problems—inherent in the very nature of such studies—will be solved by more masses of statistics compiled for a new federal Council of Social Advisers. It is more likely that the results will be the corruption of scholars and the appearance in the nation of more and more sterile ideologies. □

*Mr. Herberg suggests that American Catholic conservatives
stop carping at Pope Paul and join with him
in trying to stop the process of disintegration
touched off by Vatican II*

THE PLIGHT OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

WILL HERBERG

MANY YEARS AGO, when I first began to devote special attention to the Roman Catholic Church and community in this country, and came to admire its many strengths and permanences, I found that what I most appreciated in the Church could be summarized somewhat along these lines: 1) its *resistance* to the pervasive religious liberalism that was corroding religion in America, Protestant and Jewish alike; 2) its *resistance* to the non-ethic, or perhaps the anti-ethic, of fun, sociability, and power that was undermining the foundations of traditional Christian morality; 3) its *resistance* to the all-pervading ersatz religion of secularism and to the so-called "progressive" (secularist) social policy that was threatening the most basic of all social institutions, education, on the one side, marriage and the family, on the other; 4) its *resistance* to the new totalitarianism, Communist and fascist alike, on the firm ground of the natural law and the Christian understanding of society and the state; and 5) its *resistance* to all disintegrative sectarian ideological movements, even where such movements found some lodgment in its own ranks (for example, the Catholic Worker movement).

Today, a quarter of a century later, I find all of these points of Catholic strength seriously challenged, imperiled, and, in some cases, actually eroded within the Church, all in the name of Vatican II and the spirit of *aggiornamento*.

I do not intend, at this point, to add another to the thousand and one "evaluations" of the Vatican Council that have come off the press in recent years. My views on this matter are only too well known. What I want to do is to make this portentous change under the



sign of *aggiornamento* the point of departure for my comments on the plight of Catholicism in America.

Frayed Around the Edges

It would be wrong to say that the blight of *aggiornamento* has hit the Church in this country with the same devastating impact that it has some of the Catholic communities on the Continent, the Dutch Church, for example. But it has had its effect even in this country sufficiently serious not to be ignored. On every front—theological, educational, social, and political—the Church that once boasted of its rock-like impregnability is now crumbling at the periphery, with the attrition sometimes reaching perilously close to

the center. Once it boasted *semper eadem* (always the same); today, in the view of the "progressives," the appropriate maxim would seem to be, "Everything subject to change without notice."

The United States has never harbored, and certainly has not originated, any Catholic heresy (the so-called "Americanist" heresy was a Continental phenomenon, not American). The main body of the Church, the Catholic ethnic groups who have come to this country, beginning with the Irish, Italians, and Poles and ending with today's Puerto Ricans, have remained notably loyal to the Church and Rome. What *aggiornamento* has done, what has been taking place in the backwash of Vatican II, is that the morale of the Church has been sapped, the armature of faith has been weakened, the lid has been lifted, and the word has gone out from certain elements speaking in the name of the Council that anything goes, that open season has been declared on the Church and on the ancient Church tradition.

What has been happening to the Church in America? Obviously, some of the underlying developments have been, as one would expect in the Catholic Church, of universal nature and scope. Yet there are a number of factors, in part, at least, characteristically American, betraying an American accent, so to speak, that have affected the situation and that deserve comment.

In the first place, the alienation of groups of intellectuals, which we have learned to see as, in a way, the special mark of our time, has, in this country, left its mark on the basic pattern of immigrant acculturation. It is the emerging third ("American") genera-

tion of Catholic ethnic groups that is specially affected, the Irish, in particular. For some (relatively few, though) of the third-generation Irish, and, in part, Italians too, their self-assertion as Americans comes to mean the adoption of what they take to be the American attitude on religion and the Church—a vague religiosity, but an impatient, critical, innovative attitude toward religious creeds, forms, liturgies, and traditions. They identify these things with a kind of “authoritarian” spirit that may have been natural in their crude immigrant forebears, but cannot be tolerated any longer. No one is so disparaging of, for example, the Irish influence upon the Church in this country as these disaffected third-generation Irish intellectuals with their posture of “dissent.” The rumblings were felt long before Vatican II, but the proclamation of *aggiornamento* has given them the signal to let loose the flood of denunciation against the Church of tradition.

Where the Trouble Lies

But, after all, these self-alienated intellectuals are relatively few in the ranks of American Catholicism; the “dissenters” make of this fact another point in the indictment of the Church in this country. But they have found a very considerable echo in much broader circles of the American Church. I have described elsewhere (*Protestant-Catholic-Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology*, Doubleday, 1955, 1960) how the ethnic groups beginning at the social and cultural periphery—peripheral, lower-class foreign groups—have been transformed, more or less rapidly, into nuclear, middle-class American communities, perhaps none more spectacularly than the Irish or the Jews. This involved a complex process of acculturation: it was Americanization on a grand scale. But—and this cannot ever be sufficiently emphasized—*Americanization has meant Protestantization*, not “conversion” to Protestantism, of course, such things don’t happen in America, but permeation with what might be called the Protestant ethos, or at least, the most easily assimilable aspects of it. And this represents Protestantism at its worst, its disintegrating individualism, which tends to disparage the Church as a supernatural corporate body, and its restiveness with any kind of discipline. This “Protestant” attitude (varying with class and

culture, of course) has had a much wider sweep and scope than the direct impact of the self-alienated “dissenters” who edit the *aggiornamento* journals; but it has given them an opening and an influence among a far larger group of, subjectively at least, quite loyal Catholics. That, rather than the “dissenters” themselves, constitutes the real problem for American Catholicism.

Catholicism in this country is in disarray, in serious disarray. The impressions of the Dutch *aggiornamento*-theologian, Father Schillebeeckx, about what is happening among American Catholics, however exaggerated, is not without some validity. The traditional, one might say almost natural, organic relation between bishop, priest, and layman is being heavily strained, in some cases subverted. The American bishops, with half a dozen exceptions, are not “progressives,” but they are men of affairs and men of peace, and they tend to let things slide, and accommodate themselves, up to a point, to the unrelenting pressure of the *aggiornamento*-radicals. It is a handful of Catholic intelligentsia, the real self-alienated “dissenters,” who are the focus of infection, and in their ranks are to be found a not inconsiderable number of the younger priests. The prestige of *aggiornamento* gives them the hope and expectation of being able to “reform” the Church from within, whereas, in former times, they would have conformed, or at worst broken with the Church (as some are doing today). Taken together, they are the “progressives.”

These “progressives” form a relatively thin layer over the solid mass of American Catholics, businessmen, executives, professionals, working people; but naturally they are far more articulate, they know how to publicize themselves, and are often able to overawe an insecure pastor or bishop, who is made to feel that they somehow represent the wave of the future, and who is willing to make concessions. This creates the impression, widely shared by American conservatives, that it is these *aggiornamento*-“progressives” who rule the roost and have things their own way. But this is not the case. The mass of American Catholics, I am convinced, are bewildered, disoriented, it is true; but they remain loyal to Church and tradition.

The cause of tradition and orthodoxy in the Church, not least in America,

received a tremendous lift with the accession to the papal throne of Paul VI in 1963. From the first days of his reign, the Holy Father began issuing declarations, sometimes reinforced by his presence, designed to stem the tide of *aggiornamento*-disintegration and to recall the Church to its true self. Perhaps one of his latest pronouncements (April 25, 1968) may be taken to summarize them all. Two things, he said, remain untouchable: “the truth of the faith, authoritatively sanctioned by tradition; and the ecclesiastical magisterium, the constitutional laws of the Church, with the consequent obedience to the ministry of the pastoral government.” This is orthodox and traditional enough. And yet the Pope has not had the best press from conservative Catholics in America. Their appreciation has been rather grudging, and that for several reasons.

The Ministerium Holds Fast

Conservatives, it seems to me, Catholic conservatives even more than others, like to feel that they are a small, beleaguered minority, fighting the good fight against a hostile world, and they are rather reluctant to admit that they have powerful friends and allies in high places. Then, the present Pope’s social policy is, not unjustly, regarded as leaving much to be desired. Paul VI is not a social or economic conservative; rather, he is a kind of “liberal” of the not unknown Curial kind. But what is of infinitely more importance, he is a vehement defender of the Catholic tradition against the “progressive” *frondeurs* let loose by *aggiornamento*. Catholic conservatives ought to be praying with heartfelt devotion for long life to the Holy Father instead of carping at this or that “reform” in the Curia, or this or that proposal for the undeveloped nations.

Yes, the Catholic Church is in disarray in this country, as in most parts of the world, for reasons we can now begin to appreciate. But we ought not to despair. Apart from the divine promise that, in the long run, the Church will be kept indefectible against all entrapments and temptations, there is the fact that, in this country at least, the mass of Catholic lay people, and even the majority of the priests, remain solidly faithful to the Church, to the Church tradition, and to the Holy Father. □

THE CASTLE OF APARTHEID

AFRICAN AFFAIRS

The first thing you notice when you reach Cape Town by sea is not the famous Table Mountain towering behind it but a man-made tower in front labeled Samlam, the name of a big insurance corporation whose modern offices rear their heads in every major South African city. Samlam was founded, is financed and managed by South Africans whose mother-tongue is Afrikaans. It symbolizes the most significant development in the Republic in recent times: the final emergence of the Afrikaner people from the era of frontiersmen and covered wagons into the modern world of board rooms, stock markets and telephones.

Formerly they left all this sort of thing, which smacks of Mammon, to Jews and English-speaking *Uitlanders*. Now they have not only entered the field themselves but discovered, partly perhaps to their own surprise, that they can more than hold their own. Afrikaners have been governing and administering their country for twenty years; now they are advancing on the economic citadel and their country's economy goes from strength to strength. They should be feeling full of confidence and outwardly they are. Yet Afrikanerdom is torn by doubts as perhaps never before.

The Afrikaners are a small but growing people, about two million strong, united by faith, tongue, tradition and a determination to survive. First, their survival was threatened by the British; now, by the blacks—nearly thirteen million of them, increasing at an even faster rate than they are. As they see it, the only way to avoid racial extinction is to do what their Voortrekker forefathers did when they advanced among hostile kaffirs—get into the laager and keep the kaffirs out. This is apartheid, or half of it rather. The other half is to get the kaffirs, renamed Bantu, into kraals, or homelands, see that those kraals are as well supplied as possible with means of sustenance, and

leave the Bantu-kaffirs in them to run their own affairs.

The negative side of apartheid is well known—the “whites only” park benches and buses and counters, the color bar in cinemas and hotels, the laws against miscegenation and for carrying passes, and so on. Less has been said about the positive side, the money spent on Bantu homelands to try to make them viable, the building of huge new Bantu townships, the outlay on schools and universities and hospitals. Apartheid is not *intended* as a way of being cruel to blacks, however much it sometimes works out that way. It is intended to make the kraals comfortable enough to keep the blacks happy there and stop them trying to get into the laager.

The Theory and the Fact

The theory is riddled with holes which have been pointed out again and again. It is one of those rather frightening tidy theories that springs mainly from wishful thinking, not from an understanding of how human beings behave. But the point is that most Afrikaners, though not all, believe it to be morally right, practically workable and politically sound. They know the cost will be heavy, but regard this as the price of survival, and rather than surrender to the alternative of integration they will go down fighting in their laager as their fathers often did.

That is all very well, but what are the towers of Samlam doing in the laager? The more Afrikaners press on with their theory, the plainer it becomes that however well apartheid might have gone with flocks and herds and wagons, it just does not go with modern industry. A big city like Johannesburg is like a great cement mixer of people. In go all the different kinds and colors, round they whirl and out comes a new amalgam: *homo urbaniensis*, alike in clothes and habits, needs and aims, buying the same goods, going to the same movies,

whistling the same songs. Gone is the tribesman with assegai, blanket and snuff-horn; out comes the welder and truckdriver, assayer and toolmaker, dispatch clerk and accountant, varied in skill but cut basically to the same pattern and forever weaned from peasantry.

Now the Nationalists are trying to put the clock back on a probably unprecedented scale. Their first task is a formidable one of tidying up the land situation. Some 260 African reserves are scattered about the country and these have to be jigsawed into eight Bantustans large enough to become viable and, one day, independent states. The amount of shifting around this entails is staggering, and only a start. Millions of Africans have then to be moved away from the cities where they earn their bread into homelands where there are almost no means of employment. Either *homo urbaniensis* must turn back into a peasant, or he must start small businesses, or he must live on air. To counter this, border industries are to be set up along the fringes to which homelands can commute to work. Except where industries exist already on the borders of existing homelands, such as around Durban, this isn't working and seems mostly unlikely ever to work.

Wherever two or more industrialists are gathered together, the words influx control will not be long unsaid. Influx control does not mean what it says, regulating the flow of workers into cities; it means getting rid of them. It is part of a fantastic dream: that cities should become all-white, with only whites living in them permanently. Even the most dedicated dreamer grants that cities could not survive a day without black labor, but the blacks must come as transients only, for limited periods and with no rights in the city, and return to homelands, where their families must stay, at the end of their terms. Cities must be like enormous boarding schools where males come just

for work, and go home for the holidays and eventually for good.

Whole provinces are to be treated this way. An operation has been launched to remove from the Cape's western province, which includes the environs of Cape Town, 5 per cent of its black (Bantu) population yearly; if carried through, there will be virtually no blacks at all residing in the western Cape in twenty years time, only coloreds (mixed blood).

Facts remain uncooperative. Hundreds of thousands of blacks were born in cities and have no homelands to go to. Therefore exceptions are made. If an African can fill one of three conditions he may get exemption: if he can prove that he was born in the city, that he has worked there for one employer for ten consecutive years, or that he has been for fifteen years in continuous employment. In a country with no compulsory registration of births, such proofs are always hard to find and sometimes impossible. A boy who goes away to school, a woman who leaves to nurse a sick mother, will have broken the continuum and forfeited the right to stay. Anyone who fails to qualify is "endorsed out" and must leave within 72 hours on pain of being arrested, held and fined.

Such laws cannot be enforced without inflicting serious hardships. The main one is breaking up families. Many women, especially, cannot produce the needed proofs and out they go, leaving behind husband, children, everything. Once out they cannot get back, nor can a Bantu man bring in a bride from outside. Where the wife or bride is she must remain, and if he wants to see her he must go home on a visit, running the risk of losing his job. If he does lose it, or wants to change jobs, he must first return to his homeland and get a permit to go back to the city. It's like an elaborate pin-table game whose rules go on changing; so people get befuddled, despondent and often give up.

Afrikaners are not an inhumane people, they know in their hearts that all this bears hardly on individuals, and so they are torn. They try to help individuals when they can, and to convince themselves that this is all for the Bantu's own good. Once in his homeland, all will be his: security, his own home, his own people, ways of life, opportunity; he can rise to the highest position he is fitted for, become a business tycoon or eminent physician, professor

or prime minister. In the homelands are to arise cities run wholly by Bantu, complete with businesses, universities, schools, hospitals, government services—a replica of everything white. The process may be difficult and costly, but the end will be right.

Let in Light and Air

Only a thrusting, expanding, strong economy can hope to foot the bill. Yet measures to build this castle in the air are hampering and hamstringing the economy, not strengthening it. The more intelligent citizens know this and



it is not making them happy. Politically, the Nationalists are impregnable; in ideas, confused.

This confusion is beginning to show up in arguments between *Verligte* and *Verkrampte* schools of thought: the outward-looking folk prepared to modify and adjust, and to bring the Republic closer to the rest of the world; and the inward-looking ones who want to stay right in the laager, fortify it and hold fast to the theory whatever the rest of the world may think.

This is not, as yet, a fundamental split; *Verligtes* do not repudiate apartheid, it is more a question of approach, of style. Counting heads would favor the *Verkramptes*; IQs, and the *Verligtes* would have it. It is they who, at the moment, control the cabinet and they are supported by the Afrikaner press, most of the professors, and the new tycoons of industry and finance.

The *Verkramptes* are lying low but they have massive strength among the farmers and in the Dutch Reformed Churches, and regard with deep suspicion such *Verligte* trends as Dr. Vorster's concessions to the International Olympic Committee about multiracial sport, and his decision to accord full diplomatic status to the representatives of black independent states such as Malawi, Lesotho and Botswana, and entertain their dusky diplomats at the best white hotels.

At this time when pressures are building up within the Republic, the behavior of the UN and its constituent nations seems idiotic. Do they or don't they want South Africans to come out of the laager and pay some attention to the rest of the world? Do they or don't they want the hardships inflicted on many Africans by apartheid ameliorated? They behave as if the answer was "no." Slap back in his face the concessions offered by Dr. Vorster about multiracial sport and keep his Republic out of the Olympic Games. Result: a lot of Africans are disappointed, the experience of black and white living together as a team is denied to both races, Dr. Vorster cancels his concessions, the *Verkramptes* are reinforced and everyone draws back a bit farther into the laager. All this isolates the Nationalists still farther, discourages the *Verligtes*, confirms the *Verkramptes* and makes the laager more impregnable. The people who suffer most are the blacks everyone is supposed to be championing.

What, of course, the Afro-Asian nations are after, plus the Russians and others who support them, is not to reform the system but to smash it with slaughter, fire and bomb. They want to reduce southern Africa to a shambles, so the Communists can come in and pick up the bits. This is as much a pipe dream as the castle of apartheid. Since Sharpeville (1960) the internal security arrangements, based on a series of oppressive laws, have been so built up that the mounting of a full-scale revolution would appear to be impossible, and nothing but a major war could crush South Africa from outside. Time may change the situation, but that is how it stands today. The more the world huffs and puffs and rattles sabers, the more repressive will the measures to maintain security become.

If the outside world really wants to
(continues on p. 869)

MODERNISM, whose impact on Christian liturgy and theology has been such an important subject of these last few years, also has had, as might be expected, a notable effect on religious art in America. Since the war, hundreds of new churches—as well as new synagogues—have been built, affording golden opportunities not only for the architects, but for painters, sculptors, silversmiths, ceramists and other craftsmen. Commercial firms and artists' cooperatives specializing in religious art have proliferated; in many ways, religious art is booming. Yet a confusion of ends and means prevails, and it is clear that a determination to be "modern" at all costs does not necessarily improve what is presented.

By and large, unhappily, I feel that much of what one sees is disappointing, though with many exceptions. Many of the new houses of worship, though at first sight architecturally striking, seem on closer inspection to be cold and sterile, especially their interiors. There is a sameness to them, no matter to what faith they are dedicated: bare walls of brick or teak paneling; a stainless steel Cross (or, in synagogues, a Star of David); stained-glass windows, usually abstract and rather decorative; occasionally a wall of translucent stone lit from behind for a sun-light effect. The lectern would be equally appropriate to a high school auditorium; so would the lighting fixtures, which are apt to recall "modern" designs made in Germany's Bauhaus in the 1920s. The effect is clean, antiseptic, inoffensive—and secular.

One reason for this unsatisfactory situation is that nobody—neither the members, their building committees, nor the pastors—is sure what the main purpose of the new church building is and what form it should take. Some clerics, usually those with suburban parishes, push for multi-purpose structures complete with teen-age clubrooms and kitchen facilities for the Ladies' Auxiliary; the church elders, appreciative of real estate values and anxious to keep the kids off the street, go along. Other clerics, often the younger ones, are convinced that store fronts serve a greater need than cathedrals. Neither group sees much point in spending money or effort to create a work of art. This was strikingly evident at the International Congress of Religion, Architecture and the Arts held in New York last fall, where a delegate said flatly, "The most

modest building is the one best suited for worship." This statement, which was much applauded, was contested with some vehemence by the distinguished architect Philip Johnson, who bitterly though logically pointed out that it made his work and that of his fellow artists superfluous. It seems unlikely that such a thought would have occurred to the canons of Chartres.

The Devil's Handwork

Of course, resistance to religious art is deeply embedded in the American grain. Despite today's anti-Puritanism, there still persists a strong residue of the stern anti-aesthetic attitudes of the Pilgrim Fathers, to whom beauty *per se* was evil, and whose simple, unadorned churches perfectly expressed their conviction that art (by which they naturally meant the elaborate baroque art of the Europe they had abandoned) was frivolous, an invention of the Devil to distract the faithful from an intimate communion with God. The bareness of so many modern sanctuaries is perhaps as much a tribute to the durability of this anti-art bias as a rejection of the ornamental clutter of Victorian times.

Lingering Puritanism on the part of the ministry and membership is not wholly to blame. A congregation deciding to build a new church today seldom knows where to seek guidance as to what sort of structure to build, what kind of furniture and decoration would be appropriate. Often the local contractor, the town librarian, or a member who has been to Europe is the main—and only—authority. The Union of American Hebrew Congregations attempted to meet this need as early as 1949 when the growth of the suburbs made it evident that many new synagogues would be needed. It set up an Architects' Advisory Committee which in turn maintains up-to-date lists of design consultants, painters, sculptors and other craftsmen whose work it admires. Architects are urged to cooperate with these artists so that a single concept

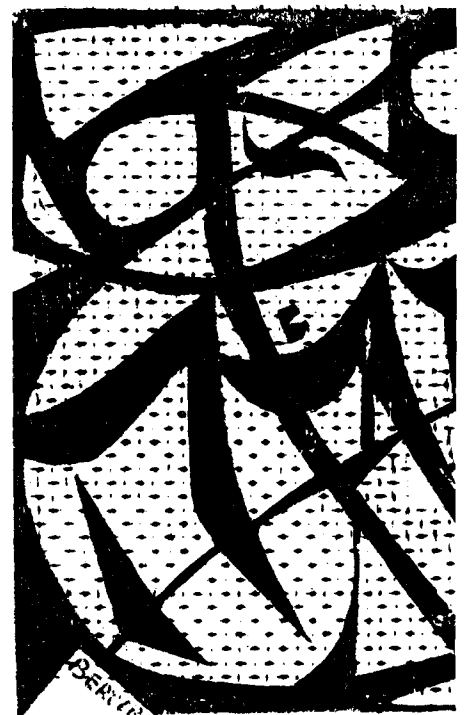
will inform the finished building—a procedure which has resulted in a number of outstanding edifices.

Unfortunately, as far as I know, there is no such service for Protestant and Catholic groups, though the new non-sectarian Gallery of Contemporary Christian Art, 1060-A Lexington Avenue, New York, attempts to help along these lines. Miss Emily Bouchard, the knowledgeable director, finds it an uphill task to educate the clergy, most of whom have never had an elementary course in art history and know nothing about contemporary art. She also has her troubles with the building committees. Often, she says, these gentlemen simply postpone the decision of what art to buy by spending all their available money on the building, vaguely hoping to raise money for "decoration" later on. In this, they are sometimes abetted by the architect, who tries to talk them into dispensing with "accessories" altogether, or else incorporating them into the structure itself as Le Corbusier did in his famous chapel of

CHURCH ART IN AMERICA

CLEAN, ANTISEPTIC AND SECULAR

RUTH BERENSON



Notre Dame du Port at Ronchamps. But Le Corbusier was a rare all-around genius, almost as much of a painter and sculptor as an architect, and in his masterpiece at Ronchamps he brought all these gifts into play. Few architects can hope to duplicate his achievement.

Even with guidance, it is difficult for both churches and synagogues to choose from the variety of styles and media which American art offers them today. Shall sacred art be abstract? Can the traditional themes be made understandable and meaningful to modern man? Is religious imagery and symbolism old-fashioned? Many American priests—and artists—seem to think it is, and since, in any event, narrative content and recognizable subject-matter are supposedly anathema to modern art, they try to be up-to-date by eliminating them completely. In many new churches, this kind of thinking leads to the substitution of Arabic numerals, or a series of crosses tilted at various angles, for the Stations of the Cross; a variant not infrequently makes Christ into a stick figure from a First Grade primer. Yet, as all too many examples show, stale retention of traditional iconographies does not solve everything, either. Eclecticism is as much with us as it was fifty years ago; only now, instead of pseudo-Raphael, we are confronted with pseudo-Byzantine and pseudo-Romanesque, or with sentimentalized imitations of Rouault, Barlach and Matisse. Frantic efforts to adopt the latest “isms”

can lead to anachronisms like the Crucifixion made of “found” objects—bits of weathered board, rusty nails and so on—in St. Paul’s Chapel, New York’s oldest, and perhaps most beautiful, church. Equally incongruous, it seems to me, are “Eyes of God” shown as the brightly colored concentric circles of Op art.

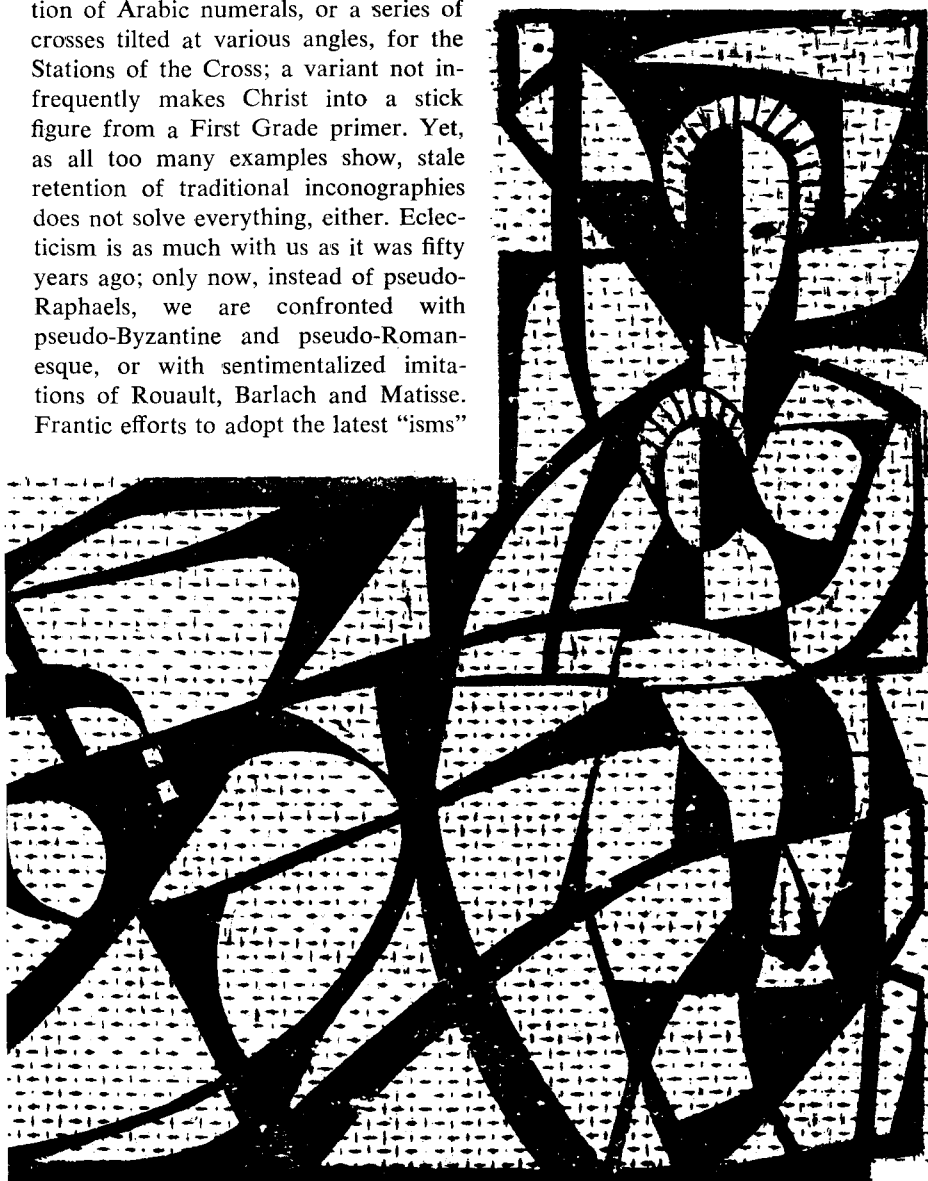
The latest trend, in the words of Rev. Eugene W. Roddy, is to erect “a people building, not a thing building.” In Dr. Roddy’s Faith Presbyterian Church at Medford, N.J., the pews are divided into two facing sections like flattened-out bleachers, and the communion table is placed in the center aisle to promote “a sense of togetherness,” so nobody can “get lost or feel like a spectator.” An even more extreme example of “flexibility” is the Hope Presbyterian Church in Creve Coeur, Mo., which doubles as a gymnasium and a dance

hall. Its structure (massive concrete) and dimensions were determined by its need to serve as a basketball court. On Sundays the baskets are masked by brightly colored felt banners embroidered by women in the congregation to represent not only religious festivals like Christmas or Pentecost, but the professions of various church members; the wedding of an IBM employee was adorned with a banner featuring a computer wheel and a data processing card.

There are, of course, many fine—and tasteful—modern American churches. Philip Johnson’s Roofless Church in New Harmony, Indiana, has an extraordinary sculpture by Jacques Lipchitz as its focal point; Ben Shahn has designed dramatic stained glass windows and mosaic panels for Percival Goodman’s synagogues in Nashville and Rochester, where sculptor Ibram Lassaw has done the candlesticks and other ritual objects. In Eero Saarinen’s Interfaith Chapel at MIT, Harry Bertoia’s shimmering metal screen makes a perfect foil to the heavy curving walls. These are only three of many examples.

Life in Ars Sacra

Still, the visitor to most of our new churches might fear that religious art is obsolete. That this is not the case is emphatically proved all over Europe, not only in such well-known examples as the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence, for which Matisse designed everything from the stained glass windows to the chasubles worn by the priests; Graham Sutherland’s triumphant Risen Christ in the new Coventry Cathedral; Giacomo Manzù’s bronze doors at St. Peter’s in Rome, where the story of St. John the Baptist is once more made meaningful; in H. O. Hajek’s Stations of the Cross outside Berlin’s Church of Regina Martyrum, which, though wholly abstract, borrows such modern symbols as barbed wired and concentration camp towers. Even in small semi-anonymous towns of Germany’s smog-bound Ruhr and in the industrial outskirts of Milan I have seen equally bold, yet devout, renderings of *ars sacra*. In Europe, Christian art seems more alive than at any time for the last hundred years. In the United States, we haven’t really gotten started. Whether the blame should primarily be put on the artists for the lack of supply, or on the faithful for their lack of demand, is a moot question, and one promotes the other. □



PRAGUE—This is the city of a hundred church spires: shabby, dirty, incomparably beautiful, in so many outward ways like the other capitals of the East, but inwardly trembling, tense, alive.

I traveled with three friends for five weeks in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and Russia. Since we were all young, it was easy to meet and talk with a lot of people: students, soldiers, workers. The Czechs were, in general, very pro-American and asked us a lot of questions. They were not afraid to talk openly, to be overheard discussing politics, criticizing Communism, or to be seen reading Western books and magazines. This was not the case in Russia, where, if you asked anyone a political question, he would glance around furtively, afraid even to be seen with an American. As you go East, things tighten up. During our entire stay in Czechoslovakia, we never met anyone who would admit to being a Communist.

Not only Prague, but the entire country, looks incredibly poor. We entered from West Germany, and were immediately struck by the shabbiness of the villages, the lack of vehicles, restaurants, bars, stores: the lack of motion and activity. Bare-footed peasants travel by horse and wagon. Roads are poor and it is difficult to find anything you need. The streets of Prague, however, are crowded day and night. People continually window-shop, or stop for an occasional glass of beer or wine. The black market money-changers are everywhere: on some days I was stopped as many as twenty times. The special tourist exchange rate is sixteen crowns to a dollar, and the black market rate thirty or forty. Czechs are allowed to travel outside the country, but can take only five dollars in Western currencies with them. Prices of consumer goods are incredible. A radio costs about 1,500 crowns, a refrigerator 4,000, a new car 20,000. Even in Prague, the stores have little to offer, and this is of poor quality.

Many students sell newspapers in the streets and arcades. One seemed to be doing so well that I complimented him, and we became friends. I read the YAF Sharon Statement to him. He liked that a great deal, and invited us to a student bar in the university section. After showing American student cards, we were admitted for five cents. Our friend, who was president of the Prague chapter of

the Elvis Presley fan club, introduced us to a group that had participated in the student demonstrations during March.

"Demonstrations here are different from those in the West," said one student who had traveled throughout Europe. "We have something to demonstrate for. I don't know what students in the West want, and I don't think they know either. But we know what we want." He went on, with growing intensity: "Freedom is like a meter stick. There are a hundred centimeters on it. Under Novotny we had no freedom. In the past six months we have gained the first five centimeters. Now we want the other ninety-five."

The room was crowded and noisy. A band had been playing mostly American songs. At one point, they announced that Russian songs would be played in honor of some visiting Russian students. Nobody paid much attention. One of my friends, who played the banjo, demanded equal time. Heads began to turn. He played "We Shall Overcome." People began to clap and sing along. He played "This Land is Your Land," and people went wild. This is the theme song of Radio Free Europe, and is known throughout Eastern Europe. At the end, there were cheers and a standing ovation.

Anti-Communism Grows

Most of the students said they would fight and die to free their country from the yoke of Communism and Soviet imperialism. They were emphatic on the point. There were several enlisted men there, too, who said they would fight with the people against the Communists, that, in fact, the entire Czechoslovak Army would do so. We were in a bar, drinking beer: but who knows?

Students have been very much involved in the whole liberalization process. They were the first to demonstrate for the reforms last spring. The students we met told us they were, as a group, angry over the lack of Western books and magazines. Everyone wants them.

A STUDENT VIEW

INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ALFRED S. REGNERY

The university library has a few old copies of *Time*, but it is almost impossible to get Western newspapers. When students study capitalism, or other works of economics, they are given only Communist authors, and, increasingly, they resent this. Students are generally socialists (how could they be anything else?) but for the most part they seem to be strong anti-Communists.

Most of the other people we talked to seemed to agree with the students. "We realize this is a start," an old man, one of Prague's many Germans, told me, "but it must go on. We must have more freedom. I remember how things were here before the war, under old Masaryk. Now once again we are beginning to see what freedom means: it cannot stop here."

"There are only two courses that Moscow can take with Dubcek," another man told me. "They can let him continue as he has, granting us more and more freedom, or they can force him to return to a Stalinist-type government. But one thing is certain: they cannot make us stay in this state. We have tasted freedom. We will demand more."

In short, everywhere we went in Czechoslovakia all we heard was talk of freedom, freedom, freedom, as if it were a substantive, living thing. People are obsessed with the idea. It means something tangible to them, something that we, who take it for granted, are startled by.

We had fun in Prague. The girls were absolutely beautiful, more beautiful even than in New York, and certainly more beautiful than they are farther East, where they seem to become progressively ugly, reaching a zero rating somewhere in the western Soviet Union. The Czechs have retained their good sense of humor, too. Shortly after arriving in Prague, I asked a waiter if he could recommend a good hotel. He replied: "Are you kidding? This is a Communist country, and there aren't any good hotels. But if there were any," he continued, "they would be full of German tourists." □

A CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

On balance, the Republican Convention was a miracle of sanity in a madly ideological world. Despite the pressures from intellectual fashion, from the media, from a considerable faction within the Convention itself, two themes emerged more and more clearly as the days wore by—both grounded in reality, both reflecting the deep beliefs of the great majority of Americans, and both anathema to the ideology-mongers whose political heroes are Eugene McCarthy and John Lindsay.

The first theme, overwhelmingly applauded whenever it was expressed, was the simple call for order in our society. Whatever one's political beliefs, it should be apparent to all but nihilists that order is the first condition of civilizational existence, the only foundation of freedom and well-being for anyone and everyone. When a few speakers attempted to modify this theme or blunt it, the delegates, by their selective applause, underlined this as their central concern.

Closely related to the overwhelming demand for order—and motivated by the same rejection of anti-civilizational nihilism—was the second prevailing theme of the Republican Convention. What once was the common rhetorical coin of an American political convention, here became, under the circumstances of today, a ringing challenge flung in the teeth of liberalism. It was the assertion of the greatness and the stature of this country, the denial of the masochistic whining that we are "sick," the vindication of the goodness and power of our institutions, public and private.

Conservative Positions

And arising from this was another position—more clouded, blemished in my opinion by too much wishful thinking about Communist intentions, but fundamentally sound: the programmatic

assertion that peace in Vietnam, or in the world as a whole, can only be won by national strength and the re-establishment of national dignity.

These are fundamentally conservative positions, as they are the sentiments of the great producing majority of Americans. That the Convention would reflect them was by no means clear from its beginnings. The platform laid itself open to a dozen interpretations. The Convention was clearly dominated by the Nixon forces, and it was because Mr. Nixon had not previously made it fully clear where he stood on the most essential points that many of us supported Ronald Reagan, whose stand was unequivocal. But as the Convention progressed, the isolation of the liberal ideologues became more and more apparent, the sentiments of the Convention clearer and clearer. With the quiet struggle over the Vice Presidency the symbolic issue was decided.

Against every pressure of the *New York Times*, the television networks, the dolorous warnings of the Northeastern liberals, Nixon rejected Lindsay, Percy and Hatfield, any one of whom on the ticket would have nullified the conservative direction in which the Convention was moving and reduced the Republican Party's campaign to unprincipled nullity. Spiro Agnew, it is true, has in general had a record somewhat to the left of Mr. Nixon. But his speeches at the Convention showed that he is no ideological liberal. And, indeed, during the Baltimore riots he earned the undying hatred of the ideologists when he dared to tell the leaders of the Negro community in no uncertain terms that the restoration and preservation of order was their first responsibility. The decisive point of the Vice-Presidential struggle, however, was not Agnew himself, but the rout of the liberal assault on the integrity of the GOP.

The climax and culmination of the movement of the Convention toward a fundamentally conservative conclusion was Mr. Nixon's acceptance speech.

With the exception of what I have referred to above as a doubtful position on the possibilities of negotiation with the Communists, it was firm in content and a fitting challenge to liberalism in tone. This was a very different Nixon from the always cautious, often trimming, Nixon of 1960. If the rest of the campaign is conducted on this level, conservatives can support the Republican ticket with confidence.

1964 and 1968

Much has changed in this country since 1964. Where then we could see the causes leading to a crisis of our society clearly developing, today the crisis is upon us. In 1964, the conservative task was to direct attention to these causes and to lay out prescriptions for counteracting them. We were able in 1964 to convince the Republican Party, but not the country, of the validity of our analysis. Today, much is clearer, and the issue is simpler. It has become a stark matter of the survival of the conditions of civilization. Is a great, law-abiding, producing people to be held ransom by small minorities of *lumpen* slum-dwellers and *lumpen* students, aided, abetted and directed by liberal ideologues turned nihilist? The answer of the Republican Convention to that question is a clear and decisive No.

In the civilizational crisis of 1968 this is a conservative answer on the decisive issue of the time. In a very definite sense it is the harvest of 1964, when it was decided once and for all that the Republican Party would no longer be a pale me-too reflection of the Democratic Party. And that conservative answer is in the deepest harmony with the central concern of the American people. If Richard Nixon holds fast to the course he and the Republican Party have charted, the country will rally behind him, and his Administration will turn the tide of the anarchy that threatens to engulf us. □

THE PLEASURES OF WILLIAMSBURG



FROM THE ACADEMY

Perhaps the most peaceful region in these United States today is that peninsula of Virginia so bitterly contested by armies in the Revolution and the Civil War. Also, despite devastation in those struggles, Williamsburg, Yorktown, Jamestown, and the countryside round about retain a great deal of architectural charm.

Motel complexes have sprung up at the entrance to old Williamsburg during the past three years—Holy Day Sin, Hattler-Stilton, and all that tribe of caravansaries. But within the boundaries of the ancient capital of Virginia, the city fathers and Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., remain champions of history and taste. If you've not been there yet, Williamsburg is even better than you think.

On July 1, five more buildings, painstakingly restored, were opened to the public: the Peyton Randolph House, the James Geddy House and Silver-smith Shop, Mr. Wetherburn's Tavern, and McKenzie's Apothecary Shop. Altogether, the Rockefeller family benefactions through Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., have preserved and restored some eighty venerable buildings in the town which still were standing, and have reconstructed about fifty more. Though the public swarms in, Colonial Williamsburg still is operated at a substantial loss annually; its receipts are reinvested in more acquisition and reconstruction.

Take Mr. Wetherburn's Tavern. When first I visited Williamsburg, in 1945, this was a restaurant kept by two elderly ladies, proprietors of the building, who much lamented the alteration of Williamsburg society by the coming of the restorers. Now this long, low eighteenth-century building, having passed into the hands of Colonial Williamsburg, is fitted up once more as it appeared in the days when the House of Burgesses met. It will have its own garden, carefully planned, as have

nearly all the restored or reconstructed buildings.

Almost nobody walks Duke of Gloucester Street by night; so I advise you, if you go to Williamsburg this summer, to stroll nocturnally all the way from the Wren Building of the College of William and Mary to the Capitol at the other end of that beautiful street. You can sit on a bench by the graveyard of Bruton Parish Church, meditating on the notables buried within, and question the doctrine of Progress. Such sauntering is especially stimulating to the imagination after a cheerful glass and a hearty meal at the King's Arms, almost across the street.

A few minutes' drive from the town, one comes to the plantation of Carter's Grove, administered now by Colonial Williamsburg for the Sealantic Fund. Among its great trees, and fronting the estuary, Carter's Grove—the building begun in 1750—is one of the most satisfying houses in America. Its carved woodwork is finer than that in many great English or Scottish houses of its period.

The College of William and Mary, second oldest in the nation, is worth seeing in its own right. The handsome tall brick building said to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren, thrice injured by fire over the centuries, is restored to its appearance between 1716 and 1859; and in recent months several venerable classrooms, looking once more as they did in the eighteenth century, have been opened to visitors: the grammar school room, for boys aged twelve to sixteen; the moral philosophy room; the common-room, for the professors and masters who lectured twelve hours a day in colonial times.

William and Mary, incidentally, is one of my favorite colleges (though actually it is a university, what with its schools of law, education, marine science, and business administration, and its institute of early American history and culture). Though supported by the State of Virginia most of this

century, it retains a high degree of autonomy, and its standards are commendable. Its more recent buildings are in a modern style, what with the cost of Georgian design nowadays; but the color of their brick harmonizes pleasantly with the Wren Building, the Brafferton, and other historic survivals.

William and Mary celebrated its 275th anniversary this year, and this summer Williamsburg celebrates its "Prelude to Independence," commemorating the fifty days beginning on May 15, 1776, during which the great generation of Virginians produced Virginia's declaration of independence and George Mason's declaration of rights.

YORKTOWN, a few miles southeast of Williamsburg by the wooded and unblemished Colonial Parkway, will be the chief center of the Revolutionary commemoration. Today Yorktown is a straggling, delectable village, with many eighteenth-century buildings on the bluff above a sandy beach, a museum, drives through the earthworks of the siege that ended in Cornwallis' surrender, and the Moore house where the capitulation was signed. Much will be done by the Federal Government to prepare Yorktown for 1976.

A half-dozen miles southwest of Williamsburg, one comes to Jamestown, where the Commonwealth of Virginia and the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities have reconstructed the first fort, complete with replicas of the three vessels which bore the first colonists to Tidewater. Nearby is the actual site of vanished Jamestown, the old church-tower and the graveyard close beside the encroaching James River.

It is heartening to look upon works of genuine renewal; for nearly everywhere else in this land of ours, "renewal" is drawn from the lexicon of Newspeak, wherein it signifies urban deserts, created by the federal bulldozer. □

A Politician's Political Fiction

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and we should have been like unto Gomorrah.

Isaiah, 1:9

The hero of Mr. Shadegg's novel—and "the remnant"—is Calvin Fessenden, a rich cattle rancher of Swedish-Spanish American ancestry. When we first meet him in Washington, D.C., in the year 1972, he is the junior senator (D.) from New Mexico. And his party (Nixon and Rockefeller notwithstanding) is once again the Party in Power. His President, Everett Lexington ("Lovable Lex" to the masses) is a legitimate political heir to his New Deal, New Frontier, and Great Society predecessors.

The story opens with "Lovable Lex" standing, once again, on the eve of a Presidential election, which—once again—threatens to be a cliff-hanger. The President needs all the help he can get to be re-elected. The defection of any sizable group, especially labor, would defeat him. He is also suffering, as his predecessor Mr. Johnson did, from lack of party unity. Nevertheless, Lexington does not look to New Mexico's junior senator for help. In fact, he ignores Cal, who is recognized on the Hill as a political maverick, a loner, and a man of the Right. But Cal couldn't care less that the President cold-shoulders him. He quietly plugs away at his Senate jobs, one of which is membership on the Taggart Commission, investigating labor union practices and abuses.

ALTHOUGH this is Mr. Shadegg's first attempt at fiction, he seems to know the recipe for a suspenseful yarn: Introduce your hero to the rack in Chapter I, stretch him out on it in Chapter II, and turn the screws tighter in every succeeding chapter, until the dénouement, when he must make a convincing escape and turn the table on his tormentors and judges.

The story gets off to a fast start. Cal has just come upon irrefutable evidence that

Tony Concini, a powerful labor union president, has systematically plundered the funds of his own union. Worse (or perhaps not so bad, by 1972?), Concini is a racketeer and murderer. Cal triumphantly presents his evidence to Senator Taggart, who forthwith retires to Bethesda Naval Hospital to be treated for some sudden illness. And the hearings are called off *pro tem*. The Majority Leader then undertakes to tell Cal he should sit on his evidence for the sake of the party. Cal is incredulous:

"Are you telling me a committee of the Senate of the United States should ignore evidence of criminal activity by a hoodlum just because he happens to be the president of a labor union?"

"Look at it this way . . . The name of the game is 'Getting Elected.'"

The release of Cal's evidence would result in a protest strike of Concini's union. This would be followed by nationwide sympathy strikes called by the CIO-AFL. And there goes "Lovable Lex," whose lovability is not, unsurprisingly, as dear to the unions as his leniency.

The rest of the story deals with the efforts of Cal's own colleagues, including the President, to prevent him from submitting his evidence. The President and Mrs. Lexington invite him and his wife to dinner, and give him the full treatment. When Cal fails to succumb to the

The Remnant

By Stephen C. Shadegg

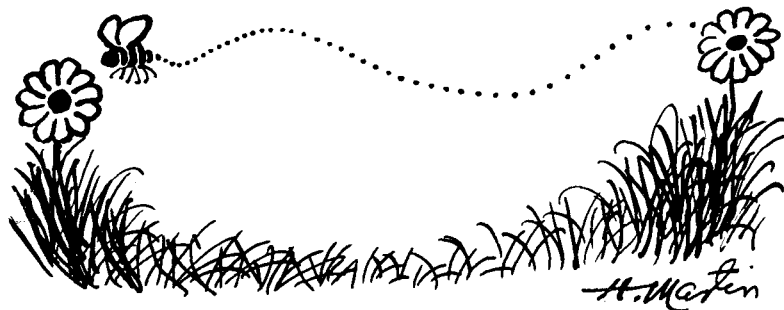
Arlington House \$5.95

But certainly it will be the renunciation of his own chances of re-election. He falters. But he doesn't falter long.

The only structural weakness of the story, perhaps, is that once the assassination threat is out of the way, Cal's dilemma does not seem to be a very excruciating one: Cal hates Washington, his adoring wife hates it even more, and both of them prefer life on Cal's magnificent and profitable ranch.

But, then, we are reminded of Barry Goldwater (of whom Shadegg's Cal constantly reminds us). Cal's sacrifice may indeed have been a real one. The political virus, especially in Presidential or senatorial veins, is generally recidivous. Beaten in 1964 for standing on his principles, Goldwater soon began to work to get back into the toga game.

THE REMNANT is a wholly political novel. That is to say, its author is more interested in the public ideas his characters hold—and hold forth on—than he is in their private feelings and emotions. There is a bit of a love story in *Remnant*, but Mr. Shadegg does not let it, at any time, get in either his hero's or the reader's way. *Remnant* is, however, saved from being a political tract in dialogue form, partly because its charac-



glamor of the White House, and when persuasion and trickery only put his back up, the game gets rougher. It is finally made clear to Cal that the price he may have to pay for bringing Concini to the Bar of Justice could well be his own life (at the trigger fingers of Concini's henchmen).

ters act as well as yak. Like history, it seems to move. But largely it is readable and interesting because Shadegg is a master of his milieu—the slippery, treacherous, generally dirty campaign stretch—from a man's nomination for office until he enters the halls of government. A veteran himself

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of twenty political campaigns, braintruster and speech writer for Barry Goldwater in his first successful senatorial campaign, campaign manager and trusted adviser to Arizona's Governor Williams, Shadegg knows the game.

It is all the more remarkable, in view of his own background, that Mr. Shadegg's novel is so free from cynicism about the democratic political process, or contempt for politicians, or for that matter, for the voting public. Does being a true man of the Right mean that one must, in defeat no less than in triumph, stand on High Ground? In any event, Mr. Shadegg's book is quite free of those hysterical, accusatory notes so typical of extremist literature of both the Right and the Left. Senator Cal, for example, deplors the vacillation of U.S. foreign policy, condemns President Lexington's Great World Society Plan—a hundred trillion dollar Marshall plan for the Iron Curtain countries—and insists that it will all end in bankruptcy and depression. But this does not require him to see Communists in the President's bed or traitors in the Pentagon. He can question the pragmatism of pragmatism and the expediency of expediency without questioning the morals or motives of those who do not agree with him.

No doubt some readers will agree with the Majority Leader's opinion of Cal, that he is an “idealistic jackass with a Boy Scout's idea of right and wrong.” But some readers may begin to wonder whether a few more idealistic jackasses and Boy Scouts, like Cal, in the Senate might not be a good thing after so many years of “sophisticated” political figures, whose pragmatism and expediency have frittered away our world leadership and brought us to our ninth year in Vietnam. Steve Shadegg is a welcome addition to the ranks of those writers, like Drury, Knebel and Galbraith, who have turned to fiction to catch the political conscience of the people. □

The Committee

By Walter Goodman

Farrar, \$8.95

JEKYLL-AND-HYDE TREATMENT OF HCUA

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Walter Goodman, who explored Madison Avenue in *The Clowns of Commerce* and tilted with modern ethics in *All Honorable Men*, has labored yet again and brought forth, as his third effort, a curiously uneven history of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Mr. Goodman is a professional writer (and a good one), and one can almost see him turning over in his mind the idea of a book on the Committee, and pon-

dering the knotty problem of how to write it. Clearly there was room for such a book; *The Committee and Its Critics* (Putnam, 1962), edited by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., was a tough-minded and on the whole sympathetic study of the theory and practice of congressional investigations of Communism as exemplified by HCUA, but it made no attempt to describe the whole record of the Committee, hearing after colorful hearing.

No, the really sticky problem (Mr. Goodman must have mused) was not whether the story warranted telling, but how on earth to tell it truthfully and survive in suburbia. It is, after all, a little late in the day to suggest that there never were any dedicated Communists in influential positions in this country, and that therefore HCUA was engaged, from the outset, in chasing chimeras. On the other hand, it simply wouldn't do to admit that the Committee has served, on balance, any useful purpose. America's liberals may have fallen on evil times lately, but they are still quite puissant enough to damage the reputé of any book (or author) that presumes to tamper with one of the central articles of the liberal faith.

So Mr. Goodman evidently decided to steer his frail bark between Scylla and Charybdis—forthrightly admitting whatever, in the Committee's support, was beyond denial, but treating the Committee and its subject-matter as a study in essentially non-serious rough-house: playing it, as it were, for slightly bitter laughs. As a final precaution against liberal criticism, he induced Richard Rovere to write a friendly foreword—the precise equivalent, in liberal circles, of a Catholic bishop's *imprimatur*.

THE RESULT, as I remarked earlier, is a strangely uneven book. No doubt Mr. Goodman hoped that his strategy would convey an air of impartiality; but it does no such thing. Instead, one gets the eerie feeling that the book was written by a sort of literary Jekyll-and-Hyde. There were plainly days when the author, having had a good breakfast, was in no mood for liberal chop-logic, let alone Communist propaganda; it must have been on one of these that he drafted his chapter on the Fifth Amendment (the shortest in the book, as well as the best, and—regrettably—the only one that deals with a serious problem in investigatory theory). Then, alas, there were days when breakfast evidently left a great deal to be desired; the good Dr. Jekyll, hunched over his typewriter, turns before our eyes into a fanged, unlovely Mr. Hyde. In such a mood, nothing the Committee does can please him: its members are dolts or out-and-out villains, its issues are flimsy or totally false, its witnesses are either money-mad informers or hapless victims of circumstance. Only a sustained note of slightly sardonic laughter saves such

Random Notes

■ **BOOKS:** Swinging reporter Gay Talese has done *The Kingdom and the Power*, an unauthorized history of the *New York Times* (World, November). . . . Tired of following the little bouncing ball? Buy *The Norton Scores: An Anthology for Listening*, 962 pages of classical chestnuts edited by Roger Kamien (Norton, September, \$15). . . . SFer Isaac Asimov's hundredth book is Volume I of his *Guide to the Bible*, a verse-by-verse study of the Old Testament in the light of history, science and all that (Doubleday, October, \$8.95).

Previously uncollected: Albert Camus' *Lyrical and Critical Essays* (Knopf, September, \$6.95); H. L. Mencken's "Smart Set" *Criticism* (Cornell, September, \$10). . . . John Lehmann, a friend of Edith's, writes about her and her brothers in *A Nest of Tigers: The Sitwells in Their Times* (Little, Brown, September, \$6.95). . . . Nabokov's *Congeries* contains all of *Pnin*, parts of his memoirs and other novels; also plays, short stories, poems; edited by Himself with Page Stegner (Viking, September, \$7.95).

■ **FOR FILM FANS:** *The Marx Brothers at the Movies* offers a rundown of every last one of their films, with lots of stills (Putnam, September, \$7.95). . . . Recent criticism by Judith Crist is collected in *The Private Eye, The Cowboy and the*

Very Naked Girl (Holt, October, \$6.95).

. . . James Hardy has written *Sacha Guitry: The Last Boulevardier* (Scribner, November, \$6.95). . . . New Series: "Film Scripts," edited by Andrew Sin-

clair; first group, due in October, includes *Grand Illusion*, *Potemkin*, *M*, *The Seventh Seal* (Simon & Schuster, \$1.95 each).

■ **BOOKS INTO MOVIES:** Patrick McGooohan (*Secret Agent; The Prisoner*) moves from TV to film to star in MGM's *Tai-Pan*, from the James Clavell novel about the Opium Wars in China. . . . Richard Bradford is doing the screenplay of his novel *Red Sky at Morning*, for Universal, which also owns Arthur Hailey's *Airport*, which Hitchcock will direct.

The next 2001 (they hope) is *Journey of the Oceanauts*, about three men who walk across the ocean floor from Cape Cod to Europe in 1980; the book by Louis Wolfe (Norton, Fall) has already been acquired by independent producer Sidney Beckerman. . . . Barring hitches, Mia Farrow and John Wayne will star in the film version of *True Grit*, which Hal Wallis will produce for Paramount. . . . At last? Dalton Trumbo will direct the film of his book, *Johnny Got His Gun*; Warner Brothers-Seven Arts plans a screen version of *The Well of Loneliness*.

chapters—and they are numerous—from a flavor of Grand Guignol.

As a matter of fact, it is—for me, at any rate—Mr. Goodman's treatment of the individual members of the Committee that, more than anything else, deprives this big, bouncy volume of any claim to fairness, let alone objectivity. Having myself served for seventeen months as a special counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, I am quite devoid of any illusion that congressional investigators of Communism are demigods. But I *do* insist that they are human beings—men no better or worse than their colleagues, trying with the usual mixture of motives to do a reasonably decent job in an extraordinarily difficult, delicate and dangerous field.

To read Mr. Goodman, however, you would never suspect it. His rogue's gallery of Committee chairmen is surely the most two-dimensional set of hostile caricatures since the cattle-rustlers in "The Lone Ranger." Bar one or two Committee members who opposed its whole *raison d'être* (and thus qualify for Goodman-Hyde's approbation), it would appear that none ever harbored so much as a single altruistic purpose, or saw in the Committee's numerous investigations any objective higher than mere publicity for himself, or the chance to injure some worthy cause he loathed. Again and again we are treated to savage attacks on the Committee's successive chairmen and leading members: on "the swaggering demagoguery of Martin Dies . . . the unstinting bigotry of John Rankin . . . the

brutality of J. Parnell Thomas, the cunning of Richard Nixon, the mindless opportunism of Harold Velde, the xenophobia of Francis Walter, the stupidity of Joe Pool."

THIS IS SIMPLY not the stuff of which serious histories are made. Not surprisingly, in view of Mr. Goodman's steadfast bias, even his necessary concessions to the unpalatable truth are frequently entombed in footnotes. (At one point I toyed with the idea of urging conservative readers to skip the text and concentrate on the footnotes.) One early example involves the famous liberal charge, in 1938, that the Committee had accused "little Shirley Temple" of being a Communist. It had, of course, done no such thing—though Mr. Goodman, in correctly stating the facts, contrives to twist them into a slap at HCUA Research Director J. B. Matthews: "He was a man of so little humor that he could allow himself to mention Shirley Temple in his testimony as having unwittingly served the interests of the Communist Party by sending greetings to the French Communist paper *Ce Soir* and then be outraged with Harold Ickes, Frances Perkins, and other antagonists who made fun of him for it."

Quite apart from the fact that J. B. Matthews had one of the grandest senses of humor ever vouchsafed to anyone (he actually told me a joke on his deathbed), this sentence does a pretty fair job of making the Ickes-Perkins smear sound like good clean fun. Evidently Goodman's conscience stirred briefly in its sleep, for

he appends a footnote at this point: "Liberals, understandably *but unjustly*, would never let the Shirley Temple incident die." (Italics supplied.) They certainly never buried it in a footnote.

Another pet device of the author's is to minimize the importance of a given investigation by arguing that it disclosed nothing not already known to some group of specialists. Thus the 1947 hearings on Communism in the entertainment industry "served only to confirm what had been common knowledge in Hollywood for years." And a series of hearings in 1949-50, concerning Communistic infiltration of racial and other ethnic groups, political organizations and labor unions, "revealed nothing that had not been known to the FBI and, indeed, to many less professional observers." Mr. Goodman apparently does not realize that a fact unknown to the Congress, or to the public at large, is not rendered irrelevant to congressional purposes merely because it was known all along to somebody else outside the Communist Party.

The book ploughs steadily forward through the years, from one hearing, one investigation, one Congress to the next, and I found myself looking forward eagerly to Goodman's description of the Committee's key role in the great Hiss-Chambers confrontation of 1948 and its *sequelae*. Would he seek to pooh-pooh this tremendously significant case, or would he treat it sturdily as an exception to the rule? Incredibly, he chooses to pooh-pooh it.

Goodman is far too cautious—let me

go the extra mile and say far too honest—to argue that Hiss was innocent. But his animus against Chambers glints on every page: “The pudgy figure in the dark and unpressed suit wanted everyone to understand that he harbored the conscience of Raskolnikov and the mission of Jesus Christ.” Chambers’ poignant posthumous book, *Cold Friday*, was “a sandwich board proclaiming the end of the world.” And finally: “If the Hiss forces had any case at all, it was that Chambers would have been willing to destroy even an innocent Alger Hiss if, in his fiery reasoning, it served some great purpose.”

Moreover, the whole business of Communist espionage was exaggerated. “The Bentley and Chambers testimony taken together tended to show not that there was a widespread network of subversives in Washington during the Thirties and Forties, but that the Communists, at the height of their prestige, had succeeded in planting a handful of their own in government.” And with regard to Alger Hiss himself: “No evidence was ever adduced that Hiss had not simply drifted away from the Party in 1939 or 1940 as many young Communists did.” To be sure, no such evidence was adduced; it is, in the best of circumstances, extremely hard to come by. But what are we logically to assume? When we find persuasive evidence of the existence, in a given year, of a Communist spy network high in our government, do we automatically assume that its members, in later years beyond our sight, wandered away in disillusion to such innocuous pursuits as numismatics and bee-keeping?

AND HERE we draw near to the central failure of Goodman’s book. In his short preface, the author leads off with a sentence of which he is obviously proud: “If the House Committee on Un-American Activities had not been invented, there would be no good reason for it to exist.”

The paraphrase is clever, but is it true? Grant what you will about the venality of this or that member of the Committee, or the insignificance of this or that particular hearing; can anyone, looking back over the record of domestic Communism during the last third of a century, seriously contend that systematic congressional surveillance of this whole subject was unnecessary, or that the House Committee on Un-American Activities has not repeatedly focused attention on matters well worth investigating? Yet such is Walter Goodman’s basic contention; and by its absurdity, I think, he condemns himself. No doubt much could have been done better, or left undone; no doubt the men who did it were no better than they should be—and some, perhaps, not even that. Democracy, as Winston Churchill remarked, is the worst possible form of

government—save for all the others; and its electoral by-products are frequently rather earthy. But I will take them, any day, over the traitors, cultivated and otherwise, whom they have fought so long. They have played an essentially honorable role in the defense of our often heedless country. □

MEN AND IDEAS

Lord Acton: Essays in the Liberal Interpretation of History
William H. McNeill, Editor

Chicago, \$3.45

LORD ACTON: HISTORIAN OF LIBERTY PAUL COLE BEACH

Liberalism in its pristine sense meant “to be free.” Yet for those wishing to make it the ensign of radical social action, a different meaning was required—one emphasizing the increased use of power rather than its limitation. The concept of freedom itself, consequently, had to be recast. Negatives on state power were discarded by many as “formal,” valueless, in the face of the “real” freedom to be had by putting oneself in league with science, inexorable historic laws, or other immanent forces thought to bring perfected order. Real freedom was equated with the power to transform society, using the state as the instrument of progress. Liberalism fell, in Thomas Molnar’s phrase, before the perennial heresy: the desire to create the *Civitas Dei* within history through knowledge implemented by power.

An apostate liberalism lends itself, certainly, to what Mencken fondly called “definite criticism.” Perhaps the severest critic of the doctrine of power was a liberal who never let himself be tempted to gnostic speculation—even to the gentlemanly kind extant in the England of his era—Lord Acton.

Acton believed that modernity had chosen revolution as its method of change; and revolution, like absolute government, was for him one of the worst enemies of freedom. He felt that both shared a common root in political speculations divorced from the norms of prudence and reason. The state becomes inevitably absolute, he wrote, whenever ideological thought is allowed to set a single, definite object as the supreme end of rule.

He thought political conjecture may be salutary when it keeps alive a sense of wrong and points the direction, if not the measure, of reform; but if it goes beyond this to energize the masses to political action, the theoretical extremes provoke

practical excesses hostile to freedom and justice alike. For Acton, history was the preceptor of prudence in politics; the principles of morality enlarged, not those of logic, were the true imperatives of rule. Providential wisdom, moreover, “appears not in the perfection but in the improvement of the world.” There can be no redemption of life by politics.

Nationalism, Acton foresaw, would be one such tyrannizing theory. This, because when the state and nation are made commensurate in theory, the ruling ethnic group will subjugate lesser nationalities within the state; for it cannot admit them to equality without ceasing to be national, without contradicting its principle of existence. The dominant ethnic body will therefore claim all the rights of the community; and, depending on its relative civilization, will see that “the inferior races are exterminated, or reduced to servitude, or outlawed, or put in a condition of dependence.” The German, not to say the Russian, experiences of the past decades witness the terrible accuracy of this insight.

The national question was of high import for Acton. He saw that the diversity fostered by freedom was a firm barrier against the state going from the sphere of politics into “the social department, which escapes legislation and is ruled by spontaneous laws.” Balanced interests, multiple associations, differing sources of authority, competing ethical norms between the state and society—each works to keep the state free. According to Acton, the “coexistence of several nations under the same state is a test, as well as the best security of its freedom.” Not surprisingly, he advocated federalism as a powerful instrument by which democracy might protect itself from statism. The liberalism of his century had taken national unity as its cause, but Acton possessed greater sagacity: he rightly understood that diversity and international community came much closer to being part of the natural and providential order than nationalism.

FOR HIM there was only one end which society may safely take as its own: liberty. And even liberty, he recognized, has often been the common pretext of crime. Yet, “liberty alone demands for its realization the limitation of the public authority.” So that the individual may realize his moral duties and creative potentialities, the end part of the natural and providential order of civil society is the establishment of liberty, the necessary precondition of those activities which are most specifically human. “Liberty is not a means to a higher political end,” he declared. “It is itself the highest political end”—one which is required “for security in the pursuit of the highest objects of civil society, and of private life.”

The liberty of which Acton spoke, then, was not the mere freedom from economic regulation that, for all its value, had be-

numbed his contemporaries to freedom's wider dimensions. Acton apprehended the genuine worth of the free market and the importance of property as a guarantor of uncoerced action. "A people averse to the institution of private property," he commented, "is without the first element of freedom." But he was no slavish follower of the Manchester school or of like economic dogmas. His concept of freedom contained elements which could never be confined to the narrow base of economic theory, however significant. He argued that restricting the meaning of freedom to economics or to law and politics—as if these were the roots from which liberty rises—was an error reducing and flattening the enormity of the subject.

BUT WHAT was that configuration of life which Acton termed freedom? He once wrote that by liberty he meant "the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion." He added: "The State is competent to assign duties and draw the line between good and evil only in its immediate sphere. Beyond the limits of things necessary for its well-being, it can only give indirect help to fight the battle of life by promoting the influences which prevail against temptation,—religion, education, and the distribution of wealth."

There was something in Acton's concept of liberty, then, that transcended economic or political rights, or the instruments which insure them. These elements of freedom serve a much more sublime end: the fulfilment of moral imperatives. Acton held that true freedom was a self-chosen perseverance in the way a person considers moral or best; the most elevated liberty is uncoerced moral choice. Freedom of conscience, the notion that the soul is more sacred than the State, is not only the highest liberty, but the rationale and justification of all others. It is the sacredness of the person in his full moral dimension which demands that there be freedom or that there be a *Rechtsstaat*. Liberty to Acton meant the governing of oneself, self-control based on ethical inner checks. Religious and civil liberty are inextricably linked; for not only are they mutually the source and condition of each other, but "nations that have not the self-governing force of religion within them are unprepared for freedom."

The free exercise of personal moral judgment, of course, did not imply in Acton's formulation ethical anarchy. For there was one authority which even so ardent a libertarian as Acton hardly denied—the authority of truth. He was, indeed, its strongest advocate; to Acton the recognition of truth was ultimate liberation.

But as there was hierarchy in life, so too for Acton truth had its ranks. Religious truth occupied for him the pre-eminent

place as the liberator of men. He affirmed the Pauline doctrine that in Him, in Christ, "we gain our freedom, the forgiveness of our sins": redemption. Thus the seeming paradox of Acton the Catholic liberal dissolves. Secure in faith, he was the freer. □

The Pump House Gang
The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test
By Tom Wolfe

Farrar, \$5.95 each

PSYCHIC CHANGES ON THE SOCIAL LANDSCAPE

LAWRENCE DIETZ

*Don't ask: "Who is he?" but rather:
"What can he do?"*

—Ben Franklin

Tom Wolfe made his reputation by writing a brilliant series of pieces for the *Herald Tribune's* Sunday magazine chronicling the didos of the upper crust in and around Manhattan. In theory, that upper crust has always ignored the second part of Franklin's dictum in favor of the first, but by 1965 Wolfe noted that people at Society affairs were introduced by name



and occupation (not "what *can* he do" but "what *does* he do") in order to quickly define income and status. This was because, as Wolfe put it, Society was "no longer based on Wall Street wealth or the ownership of real property . . . (or) family lineage. . . . The new Society is, simply, an Aristocracy of Success." He saw that the only way these people had to set themselves apart from the "engulfing mushy bourgeoisie" (from which, incidentally, most of them had recently come) was by acting in a shocking, outrageous manner. But "unique styles, today, tend to be developed by various marginal, religiously possessed, netherworld, outcast—'pariah'—groups. Such as: teenagers, artists & bohemians (or "hippies"), Negroes, narcotics users, homosexuals & camp culturati."

In late 1965 and early 1966 Wolfe traveled out of New York to find out what was going on in the netherworld of those "pariah" groups. The result of these forays makes up the major portion of *The Pump House Gang*: a collection of pieces on topless dancers, middle-class Ohio motorcyclists, surfers, teen-age London society girls, and teenage fashions in California—as well as ones on pop art collectors in New York, Marshall McLuhan, Hugh Hefner, and the environmental collapse of life in New York. By some fortuitous chance, Wolfe first visited Hefner, the publisher of *Playboy*; and it was Hefner's way of living which showed Wolfe that the social revolution "out there" was not confined to the "pariahs." Hefner never leaves his mansion; socially unacceptable in Chicago, he has turned his back on the city. And what Hefner has done is not a matter of individual aberrance: "What is a California electronics worker making \$18,000 a year supposed to do with his new riches? Set about getting his son into Culver Military and himself and the wife into the Doral Beach Country Club? Socially, he is a glorified mechanic. Why not, à la Hefner, put it all into turning his home into a palace of technological glories . . ."

One might assume that the question of status is rather ephemeral in 1968; after all, hasn't the apocalypse made the covers of some major magazines? But the reality of a new life style developing *out there* should be of some importance, for if the quality of American life as it is now constituted is such that we can contemplate the possibility of massive social unrest, then I would submit that it behooves us to examine this peaceful revolution taking place among a considerable segment of our population.

This is, however, not as simple as it might appear. Communications—mass communications—are generally controlled from New York, and New York is unquestionably the redoubt of the life style which people *out there* are trying to

change. It is no accident that most magazines treat the people *out there* as a bunch of more-or-less amiable nutballs. The editors and writers for these magazines (or newspapers, or producers and executives of TV networks) are socked into the old status game—being seen at the right places, knowing the right people, getting the bigger office, insulating themselves from the various *kaffirs* living in the city, and so on.

Wolfe has avoided this trap, and the evidence of this is *The Pump House Gang*. He has, almost single-handed, called our attention to a world which existed for many years. That many of the subjects I listed earlier may seem overly familiar is another tribute to Wolfe; he was there first with the pieces that make up the book. It was only after their original publication that other editors assigned writers to do the very same subjects. But the best pieces had already been written: Wolfe's.

The people *out there* who were turning their backs on the traditional status game were, to one degree or another, involved in asking questions other than the two Franklin envisioned. Through "encounter" groups, various forms of analysis and other methods they were and are interested in exploration of the Self—a sort of introspection which used to be the kind of thing a person expected to resolve by the end of his freshman year. But the changes in American life over the past forty years (and especially during the last twenty) have produced ostensibly successful people—middle- and upper-class—who still ask themselves the most basic questions. The tendency for many people who aren't involved in this sort of thing is to write it off as some sort of delayed adolescence. I would argue, however, that people struggling to find their individual worth in a technocratic society (which seems, on many levels, to have been designed expressly to *deny* individual worth) should be viewed with sympathy and encouragement.

IN THE EARLY 1960s a few analysts began to use LSD as a therapeutic tool. At the time, there seemed no reason to suspect that use of a potentially dangerous, relatively untested drug was going to spread beyond control of the medical profession. For who would have believed that there would be hallucinogenic hucksters?

In the middle of 1966 Wolfe decided that he wanted to do a piece on novelist Ken Kesey, at that time hiding in Mexico, a fugitive from two California marijuana convictions. In October Kesey finally surfaced, in San Francisco, and was arrested. Wolfe flew out, only to find that the story lay not in Novelist-as-Fugitive, but in the fact that Kesey had played a major role in spreading the use of LSD.

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test is the

best work Wolfe has done, and certainly the most profound and insightful book that has been written about the psychedelic life. Wolfe has performed a miraculous feat: out of memories that have been boiled by various drugs (for most long-term users of LSD also tried mescaline, DMT, STP, methedrine, and other assorted items), he has elicited a history of the spread of LSD from 1960 (when Kesey and others got their first jolts in lab experiments) to 1967, when practically any kid with five dollars could buy some kind of trip or other. Furthermore, Wolfe has brought to his reportage a sense of historical perspective, and, more important, a willingness to let accuracy take the place of the hysterical imprecations that have passed for reportage in most magazine articles and books on the subject. (I believe that, if a writer wishes to point with alarm, solid reportage which allows the reader to extrapolate from it is, for many subjects—and LSD is one—more valuable than the best polemic.)

Kesey and his circle were involved in trying to turn on every man, woman and child they could. Wolfe found an essay written by Joachim Wach in 1944 on how religions are founded, and the parallel with Kesey is all too evident: from a central figure to a group, to symbols, to rites, to a desire to "extend the message to all people." Kesey and his coterie (known as the Merry Pranksters) spread their message through a medium which of itself denied the possibility of psychological or intellectual uses of the drug: they held a series of "Acid Tests" where rock 'n' roll music was played, lightshows were displayed, and large containers of Kool-Aid laced with LSD were made available. (Occasionally the Kool-Aid was used by people unaware that there was a drug in it, triggering some grotesque experiences.) What Kesey was doing, of course, was providing a new form of entertainment (most discothèques, many TV commercials, and a lot of other paraphernalia owe their style to the techniques of the acid tests).

By inextricably linking LSD to new forms of sensory excitement, Kesey had indeed made it attractive. (Far more so than the other LSD huckster, Dr. Tim Leary, whose lectures proved only that his professional ego can stand up to any drug.) But Kesey had also laid the seeds for a supreme bit of irony which Wolfe uses as the shattering vignette that ends the book: By the time Kesey returned to the United States, substantial numbers of people, especially among the young, were taking LSD. After his arrest, Kesey announced that, while in Mexico, he had finally realized that it was time to go "beyond acid"—that is, to stop depending on the drug to provide the means to self-realization, and instead find one's way to oneself without chemical assistance. (This

announcement was in part a ploy to win Kesey freedom on bail, which he was granted. But it also seemed a genuine statement of his belief.) He proposed to hold a giant "acid graduation" ceremony. But he was thwarted by various rock 'n' roll impresarios, dance hall managers, professional scenemakers and what not who correctly figured that there was a lot of money to be made in a continuation of the acid scene. Kesey did hold a semi-private ceremony in a garage, but a few weeks later wound up in a deserted psychedelic nightclub in the hinterland, shouting to a room empty of all save his friends, "WE BLEW IT."

Both *The Pump House Gang* and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* are essential books for anyone who wishes to understand the profound implications of the white, middle-class "psychic" changes occurring across our social landscape. Wolfe's elliptical, ellipsis-filled style is perfectly suited to describe this America, where you can walk down a street and see someone with shoulder-length hair, ruffled shirt, and tiny glasses—just like Ben Franklin. But Franklin only wished to know a man's capabilities. The man you see may very well be an aerospace engineer, for whom the operative question seems to be: "Who am I?" That question may be profoundly naive; but it is also, of course, naively profound. □

RECORDS

VINTAGE JAZZ AND POP

NEIL McCaffrey

Kids over 40 haven't had it so good since Benny broke up his band back in late 1946. The three major labels of the Swing Era, perhaps a little conscience-stricken over all the garbage they've been dumping out the windows for the past decade, are spending time down in the archives. Result: all three are now launched on regular reissue programs; and, praise be, they're avoiding the obvious.

Fittingly, the grandma of them all, RCA Victor, is in first place with the Vintage Series. There's hardly a significant name in twentieth-century popular music that hasn't found its way onto a Victor record, and it was Victor that issued the first jazz, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band sides of 1917. (Yes, they're reissued too—though to hear them now, you wonder why anyone bothered.)

Much the most interesting of Victor's jazz albums is *Jack Teagarden* (LPV-528). "Big Gate," most fertile of the trombonists before the modern era, was also the



most durable. This album, covering 1928 to 1957, embraces almost his whole career. The earlier sides inevitably pack more wallop. Full of Texas hell, Big T burst on the Manhattan scene in 1928 and carried tromboning forward a generation. The first track, a pleasant period arrangement by the Roger Wolfe Kahn Orchestra, would be forgotten today except for sideman Teagarden, "almost casually tossing off a single solo on 'She's a Great, Great Girl' that by itself would have established him as a major jazz figure," as Richard Hadlock observes—without exaggeration. "My Kinda Love," by Ben Pollack and His Park Central Orchestra ("Look, Zelda, there's Jimmy Walker and Betty Compson"), offers bluesy Teagarden, barrelhouse clarinet by 19-year-old Benny Goodman, and a vocal by Pollack that would make a flapper flip. And if you need proof that age didn't wither Mr. Tea, listen to the postwar "A Jam Session at Victor" (really an improvisation on "Love Is Just Around the Corner"; but when you bury the tune you can give it another name, and the leader gets to pocket the composer's royalty). Even the rare collector who has all these sides on 78 will find this album indispensable. It includes three alternate takes, never issued before; and since jazz solos are usually improvised and therefore differ with each playing, another bow to Victor for making available what are really three new versions of the original 78s.

Not all of Victor's Vintage albums are jazz. *The Great Isham Jones and His Orchestra* (LPV-504) will get you out on the dance floor if your legs still obey your heart. You can find decent citizens who will argue that Jones had the greatest dance band of all time. A tough, no-nonsense taskmaster, Jones worked the boys hard to get that round, deep, rich sound. Unfortunately, the record people didn't know what they had. When they passed out the tunes, Jones often drew the left-overs. This album, covering 1932-34, might have yielded a banner crop of songs, but it's uneven. Still, any album that includes Jones doing "For All We Know," "Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia" and

"Why Can't This Night Go On Forever?" has to be worth the full list price.

Someone finally told Victor about all the Fats Wallers in the vault, and now they're making up for lost time. Four Vintage albums have appeared so far: '34/'35 *Fats Waller* (LPV-516), *Valentine Stomp* (LPV-525), *Fractious Fingering* (LPV-537) and *Smashing Thirds* (LPV-550). If your budget obliges you to be selective, start with the first, if only to get the romping, hilarious "If It Isn't Love." And a bonus: two tracks feature the jaunty, insouciant trumpet of Bill Coleman, perhaps the most under-recorded, underrated horn man of all time.

Victor is also reissuing what used to be called "personality" records. *Stars of the Silver Screen, 1929-30* (LPV-538) is a colossus of camp. Sophie Tucker, Maurice Chevalier, Helen Morgan in surprisingly good voice, Fanny Brice—they're all here, and a dozen more, complete with delicious contemporary photos. But the star of the record is Helen Kane, the boop-boop-a-doop girl.

More of the same are 1927 (LPV-545) and 1928 (LPV-523). The former boasts "Do-Do-Do," an obscure Gershwin tune with a memorable Gertrude Lawrence vocal, and Jean Goldkette's "Sunny Disposition," one of the last records Julian English played before he gave up the ghost in O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*. 1928 kicks off with George Olsen's "Doin' the Raccoon," and if you think you've heard that song before, you have; only now it's called "Thoroughly Modern Millie."

Some of the best Duke Ellington is stashed away in Victor's attic, and Vintage is issuing the albums by period. My favorite is *Daybreak Express* (LPV-506), which features the marvelous 1931-34 band. "Troubled Waters" reminds us that Ivy Anderson was an elegant singer, one of the great ladies of jazz. I can't pretend to be objective about "Live and Love Tonight." A battered copy of this record found me on an Aleutian island 23 years ago barren in spirit, beleaguered of mind, homesick. It was plasma. Treat yourself to a dozen hearings of what Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Arthur Whetsol and Larry Brown do with this haunting tune. The nostalgia is all but overpowering.

Then give the rest of the evening over to "Dear Old Southland." The haters will call this an Uncle Tom record. They don't like Duke, who is guilty of getting along with the honkies. Never mind. Edward Kennedy Ellington built a bridge between Africa and the West, and you can hear it all on this track. If the stabbing lyricism of Johnny Hodges' soprano sax doesn't choke you up, you deserve to be exiled to the Aleutians. With Guy Lombardo and James Baldwin.

I have an armful of interesting albums from Decca, Capitol and especially Columbia, but no more space. Next time. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HUXLEYS, by Ronald W. Clark (McGraw-Hill, \$8.90). This is a chatty survey of the lives of Thomas Henry Huxley and his descendants, with about three-tenths of the text given over to TH himself, the same portion each to grandsons Julian and Aldous, and the rest to the rest. It's a professional job, chock full of letters and brimming with delightful anecdotes and trivia. Seems that TH's one fit of pique at home came when daughter Nettie, the black sheep of the second generation, brought Oscar Wilde by for an evening with the family. And Aldous, we are told, had "a head so big he was unable to walk before the age of two." There are lively accounts of Sir Julian's wartime tenure at the London Zoo, of Aldous' experiences (LSD trips included) in the American West, and of TH's famous debate with Bishop "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce, which firmly established evolution as something more than heresy. One complaint: In his eagerness to make a formal whole of the subject matter, the author neglects the intellectual stimuli from outside the family and makes too much of the Huxleys as breeders. Thus Charles Darwin is met only in passing, and Leonard Huxley, father of Julian and Aldous, is reported to have chosen a niece of Matthew Arnold as his wife-to-be because "he looked forward to the product of the Huxley and the Arnold blood." This seems rather too narrow a perspective. The book has some excellent photographs and a much needed family tree.

P. P. ARDERY

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy (Penguin, \$1.25). One would certainly hate to be a Martian just landed with only this little volume to guide his political perspicacity. Come to think of it, one would even hate to be an American high school or college student (for whom the Senator says he wrote the book) with this as his only source of political reference. Written in 1961 and released this year with no revisions at all, the book is tediously tautological ("Southern Democrat: A member of the Democratic Party from one of the southern states." . . . [page 146]). And tendentious as hell ("Bill of Rights: the first ten amendments to the Federal Constitution. Some . . . now relatively unimportant, such as the Second which relates to the right to bear arms . . ." [page 14], or "Conservative: One who generally supports the status quo. He is slow to accept change. . . . Liberal: The term generally applied to those in American politics who advocate a rather advanced position on both foreign and domestic issues. Liberalism in the U.S. does not follow a set ideology. It is non-doctrinaire. . . ." [pages 34 and 91]).

J. D. LOFTON JR.

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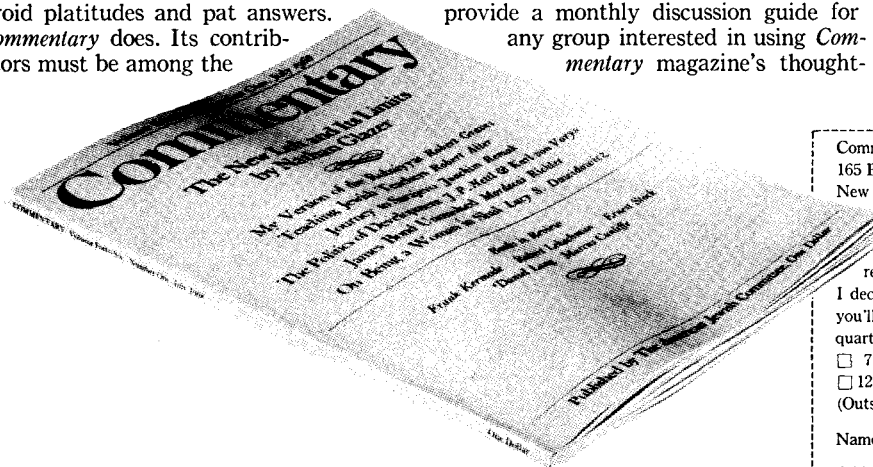
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LETTERS

(cont. from p. 833)

thoughtful attacks on antisemitism by Emile Zola and others, was not caused or initiated by Jews. The June war, on the other hand, was planned and initiated by Arabs. In an Order of the Day issued on May 18, 1967 (three weeks before the outbreak of the fighting) General Murtagi, Commander of the UAR forces in Sinai, said: "The Egyptian forces have taken up positions in accordance with our predetermined plan. . . . The morale of our armed forces is very high, for this is the day for which they have so long been waiting, for this holy war."

Arab casualties at Irbid resulted during an artillery duel initiated by the Jordanian Army. The International Red Cross has on several occasions protested at the Arab tactic of sighting guns in and around inhabited areas. This is done with an apparent twofold object: the hope that Israel will not fire back at the Arab artillery, and in the event that they do so, to make use of any resulting casualties for propaganda purposes. It is to be regretted that Mr. Stewart has fallen for this line in his discussion of the background of Sirhan.

New York, N.Y.

HUGH ORGEL

Consul (Press)

Consulate General of Israel

. . . The Balfour Declaration did not offer "Palestine as a national home for the Jewish people," but the establishment "in Palestine of a national home." To quote the exact wording is necessary if the whole conflict is to be made comprehensible to the reader.

Sierra Madre, Cal.

JULIUS FREUND

. . . The Balfour Declaration was *not* in 1911 but late in 1917—months after the U.S. entered WW I and the safety of the British was insured.

Los Altos, Cal.

MARVIN O. ADAMS

Who Is Bill Buckley?

How is this again? Bill Buckley, so Hugh Kenner says [July 30], is definitely not an "entertainer" but rather a dispenser of "syntactic energy," which means a performer in language displaying supreme skill at weaving long and complex sentences which to watch delights the professor of English and in which he would not like to see the performer get out of practice. Some would call this a highbrow kind of *divertissement* à la Pascal. Not so, is Hugh Kenner's riposte; syntactic energy is "propelled by a passion for complex interrelations" which supposedly Buckley lost when he sold out to those low, low newspapers and the business of "extracting substance" from each day's events. Now, sadly, whatever political truths the jeweler's eye discerns are "isolated" and have "no wings or tail," which makes poor Bill a "demythologizer." Come on now, Profes-

sor Kenner, the cause is not all that lost. Buckley is a manifest and institutionalized public utility, even though he himself had to do the institutionalizing, and the myths are very much alive and winging in between the columns. Bless his heart for those columns, and wish there were more of them! On issue after issue they think out loud, in public, the common sense view of concrete complexities. Other columnists may dredge the days for their extract, but Buckley in his day of days brings the substance along with him and puts it where there was an emotional void. People today lack rigor of mind and are indolent in apperception, and don't let's kid ourselves that conservatives are exempt. They tumble into a semi-rational intoxication over goody-wouldy clichés, and we over ante-anti moods.

What gives Buckley the energy to write column after column of reasoned positions on scores of issues at which most people simply stare, if not the myths which his soul celebrates every night as it takes in, with the last rays of the sun, this world, this country, this people, this past, and this hope? Don't sell him short, there is much energy besides the syntactic one.

South Bend, Ind.

GERHART NIEMEYER

Support Your Local Firemen

We are deeply appreciative of the item published in the July 30th issue of NATIONAL REVIEW concerning the increasing

attacks on firemen in New York City. It has been a long, hard struggle to bring the worsening plight of the city's firemen to the attention of the responsible public, and articles such as the one published by you are very valuable in helping us achieve this goal.

New York, N.Y.

MICHAEL J. MAYE,

President

Uniformed Firemen's Association

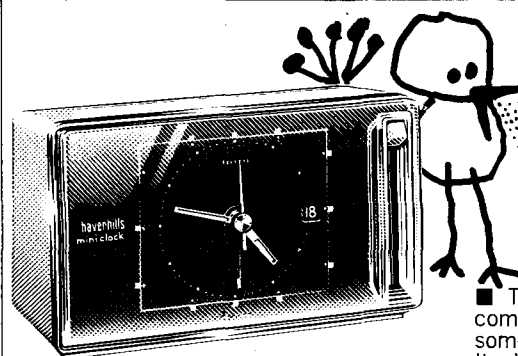
A Ringer Writes

Two questions:

(1) Did the crime wave in Middletown recede after Mr. Manchester Turned in His Gun [NR, July 16]?

(2) Why should we "look for a federal judgeship for outgoing Senator Thomas Kuchel" [NR, July 23] in view of the fact that (a) Senator Kuchel was elected in 1962 for the term ending January 3, 1969, (b) by the Act of August 14, 1964, 78 Stat. 434, Congress substantially increased the salaries of federal judges (district judges, \$22,500 to \$30,000; circuit judges, \$25,500 to \$33,000), and (c) the Constitution, Article I, Section 6, paragraph 2, provides that "no senator or representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time ***"?

Washington, D.C. ALEXANDER HAMILTON VI



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haverhill's

THAT'S MY MIDDLE WEST," wrote Scott Fitzgerald, "not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth." In the 1990s, an elderly novelist looking back nostalgically to his boyhood will be recalling airports—Orly, Kennedy, O'Hare—with their scattered bustle, their flashing signals and their announcements of imminent departure to the uttermost boundaries of a now-narrowed world. The passenger train is rapidly becoming obsolete. The railroad companies are mainly concerned with freight. The commuter trains are crowded, but every year the schedules of the transcontinental expresses become shorter. Last fall the Twentieth Century was taken off. Is the Chief still running? And it is not only the big trains that are going. The small branch services are being discontinued. All over the United States and Europe you will come across abandoned stations.

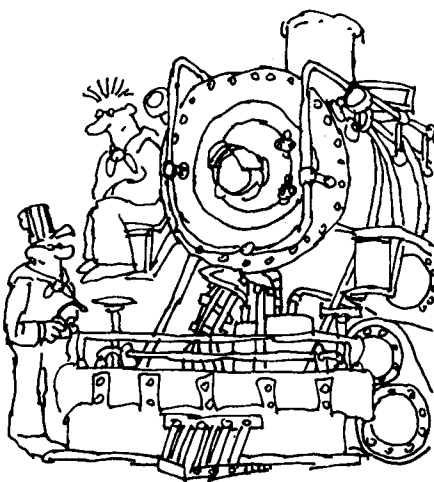
Six years ago I spent two summer months in Springville, Utah, a small town forty miles from Provo. My host, a man in the winter of his life, had been its station master for thirty years. The Zephyr of the Rio Grande still roared past on its way to San Francisco, but no train stopped at Springville. The old man would talk wistfully of the days when the cherry harvests had been loaded there and his sons had earned their summer pocket money heaving up the bales. He loved that station, and the railroad company declined to pull it down while he was still alive. In the South of France you will see in ruins the majestic arches of the railway line that once linked the mountain villages of Grasse and Mougins and St. Paul de Vence. They were destroyed in the last war. But the Germans need not have bothered. The line had long since ceased to serve a purpose.

I am grateful for many reasons for having been born when I was, in July 1898; but for few more than this, that trains were at their peak during my boyhood, in terms both of speed and comfort. The stage coach had vanished. The motor car had not yet asserted its authority. When I went to visit my aunts in Somerset, I was met at the station by a pony trap, and when on my return I was driven out to Hampstead in what was then called a "fly," a man would run all the way behind us, to earn a shilling carrying down the trunks. Because there was no alternative to the train, the departure platform of a West Country express was as infinitely crowded and varied in terms of social characters as a Dickens novel. In fact Frith's picture of Paddington station, as famous in its hour as his *Derby Day*, might well stand as a frontispiece to a collection of Dickensiana.

There was a glamor about those trains that airplanes do not have. Airplanes all look alike, but there was no mistaking the Golden Arrow at Victoria or the Blue Train in Paris. And has any

form of locomotion possessed the aura of mystery and intrigue that in the Twenties and the Thirties gilded those long continental caravans that glided from Western Europe through the Balkans? What diverse and devious characters had resort to them! A three and a half days' journey; what might not happen during it! Two excellent thrillers had their setting there: Graham Greene's *Stamboul Train*, which started in Ostend, and Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Orient Express*, which ran from Paris. Once I saw it in the Gare de Lyon when I was waiting for a Rapide to the Riviera. Outside each compartment was the white notice of the stations to be served, just as on any other train. Ah, but what different stations. Milan, anyone might be going to Milan. But was there not something very special about a compartment that in 48 hours would grind to a halt in Zagreb?

I VOWED THAT I would one day travel by her. I never did. But for two years in the early Forties the Taurus express—its continuation into the Levant—was to be a close part of my life. I was employed in



Baghdad in counterespionage. And the Taurus was our link through neutral Turkey with the Axis-occupied territories of central Europe. It ran down into Aleppo where Agatha Christie's novel starts, went back along the frontier and crossed the Syrian "Duck's Bill" into Iraq. Both sides used it for their nefarious projects. Most of the Pullman porters were, I suspect, double agents; and probably quite a few were treble ones. Once I met it in Aleppo. I could scarcely believe that a few days earlier that train had been in Germany;

DELECTATIONS

THE LOST TRAINS

ALEC WAUGH

not the same carriages, because passengers were ferried across the Bosphorus, but there was a direct continuity. A passenger in Aleppo with a neutral passport might well have started his trip in Germany.

The Orient Express still runs, but Agatha Christie's and Graham Greene's characters would not be using it. They would hop a plane. I am glad that TWA and American Airlines were not in operation when I first landed at San Francisco 41 years ago. I would not have got the same sense of what the United States stood for if they had. On the ship coming up from Tahiti, I had fallen in love with an American who lived in Monterey. Had I been able to reach New York in seven hours, I would not have been able to appreciate quite how far she was away. And should I, flying over that series of successive states, have come to feel a sense of oneness with them? As the train crossed the Rockies and the plains of the Middle West, I thought, "She is the product of all this, I must love it because of her." Would a young man in his twenties have that same sense today? I question it. It happens all too fast, and the land is so far below.

When I went from school at Sherborne to stay with my aunts in Somerset, I had to go there by a train that ambled through a cosy countryside. Michael Flanders in *At the Drop of Another Hat* pays a charming valedictory tribute to all those oddly named villages that were linked by those English branch lines; Midsomer Norton, where I got off, was one of them. Edward Thomas in one of his loveliest poems remembers Addlestep "because on one afternoon of heat the express train drew up unwontedly." No one got on the train, no one got off it.

*But that minute a blackbird sang
close by and round him mistier
Farther and farther all the birds
of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.*

As these casual trains loitered through a winter-strewn or summer-laden landscape you had a sense of communion with rural life that you never get at the wheel of a car or from the long chair of a charabanc. Those slow chunking trains were a part of village life because they served the needs of the villagers. During the last twenty years I have, thanks to the airplane, covered much more ground and visited many more places than I did during the Twenties and the Thirties. But I wonder if I have seen as much. □

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

- DEFINITIONS**
- A. Setting of *The Prisoner of Zenda*
- B. Place where Mormons began a socialistic experiment, 1874
- C. Impractical schemes of political or social reform
- D. When everything will be ideal
- E. Stage between capitalism and communism (according to Marx)
- F. A novel by Samuel Butler
- G. What life in communitarian societies was called
- H. Attachment to a group of skilled tradesmen
- I. Site in Mexico of a cooperative scheme conceived by Albert K. Owen
- J. Another name for Word O
- K. Place where Conrad Beizel founded a communitarian society in Pennsylvania
- L. A native carbonate of zinc, named for an English mineralogist
- M. How some stocks and securities are sold

WORDS

9	141	201	154	243	83	46	62	87	
195	30	69	45	61	71	75	207	233	24
34	26	56	133	147	231	155	198	209	194
41	1	29	31	146	89	27	49	174	185
								120	80
43	33	143	208	171	238	91	126	105	
70	138	122	166	28	113	14			
81	20	38	55	128	144	160	168	189	211
						227	244	44	86
85	114	167	131	35	216	82	158		
94	12	106	124	134	184	23	222	234	115
								245	
129	37	76	159	191	125	205	212	96	109
135	187	18	236	110	210	145			
153	6	22	183	39	66	104	149	162	176
								186	
157	190	10	25	47	54	72	130	148	177
						241	79	90	97

- DEFINITIONS**
- N. A theory or system of social organization based on the holding of all property in common
- O. Where the souls of heroes were transported after death, according to mythology
- P. Setting of *Cabbages and Kings* (by O. Henry)
- Q. An inhabitant of country visited by Lemuel Gulliver
- R. Male head cooks
- S. Liliaceous plants
- T. Former Dutch colony in North America
- U. Newspaper in Nashville
- V. An artificial gem of paste
- W. Bringing to a successful end
- X. *Fringilla coelebs*
- Y. The part of man's lower limb between the hip and the knee

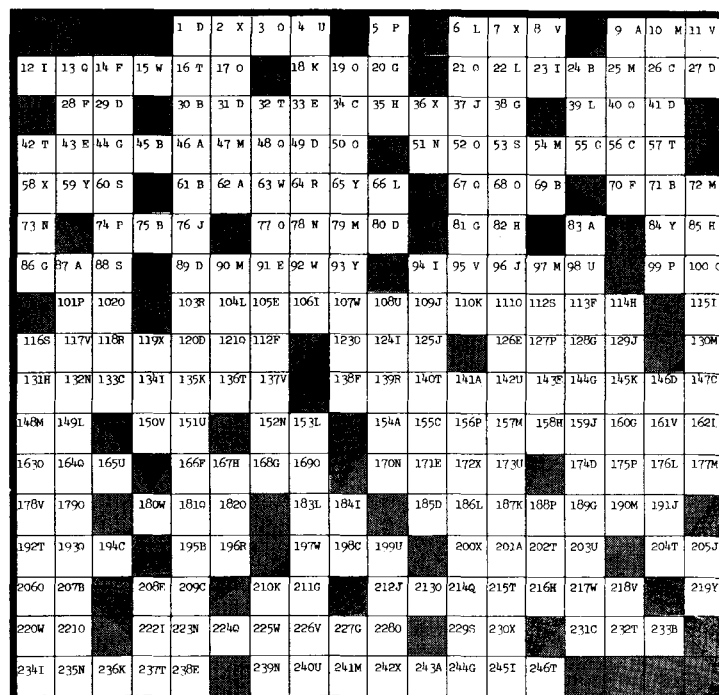
WORDS

223	235	51	170	78	73	152	239	132	
19	17	50	52	68	77	100	102	123	111
169	179	163	206	213	221	228	3	182	
5	101	156	74	127	188	99	175		
21	40	121	164	193	214	13	224	48	67
								181	
103	64	139	196	118					
116	53	112	229	88	60				
140	16	204	32	42	136	192	202	215	232
							237	246	57
151	98	108	142	165	173	199	203	240	4
178	95	150	8	218	117	161	226	11	137
180	15	197	220	107	217	225	92	63	
242	2	7	200	230	119	172	36	58	
65	84	59	93	219					

See page 873 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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WILLS

(cont. from p. 850)

ported in full day by day. The thing that could not happen, had—a convention sewed up in advance by conservative votes, just like Goldwater's. But done this time, not as a rebellion, by a militant conserva-

TRAVEL

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (AUGUST 13) THOMAS O. McWHORTER RES PUBLICA:

Unfortunately, the Machiavellian concept of the double standard is a seductive hypothesis that only too many politicians have found irresistible once they have attained the position and power by which they feel they can protect themselves from retribution and account.

tive shock force; quietly, rather, by a man also wooing the Left whenever he could get it over in a corner, out of the Hon. Strom's eagle eye (the Hon. Ron had no chance against the Hon. Strom this time out). The Party had not undergone any great internal convulsion. It had simply caved, sifted and crumbled in upon its center, and the name of the resulting sandpile was Nixon. That the center of the Party turned out to be farther right than people had expected will grow less and less surprising. Apparently the center of the country is farther right now.

When Wisconsin cast the decisive votes, I was listening in the dark over the car-radio of Miami's Mayor Clark. We were in a city park, strangely peaceful; there was a full moon over Miami, and only occasional police cars broke the quiet now, pulling up to disgorge Negro prisoners and stuff them into a special trailer-cage. This was a local command post. When the Wisconsin vote came, Mayor Clark breathed a sigh of relief: "Now we can get the convention out of here, and restore peace to the streets." That is the reality not all the shouting and balloons on the Beach could totally escape. The Party had decided, almost involuntarily, to walk quiet, and carry a medium-sized stick. No thunder like the late Bobby's encouraging rebellion. No thunder like Chief Headley's, encouraging the counter-revolution of cab-

bies and bee-yu-tish-uns. A time of the grasshoppers, like those I heard at three in the morning in the Miami park. □

HUXLEY

(cont. from p. 855)

shake apartheid, the only practical way is to sup with the devil: step up trade, increase all forms of contact, invite and send out football and athletic teams, encourage touring companies, exchanges of students and teachers, exhibitions, symposiums; invite and send out lecturers who will refrain from lecturing South Africans on how to run their own affairs but simply let in light and air.

The *Verkrampptes* won't like it but they will be forced to open up the laager and take a look at the outside world. They may not like that either, nor do most of us. The Boers are an obstinate people and are most unlikely to do as others tell them; but one day, promoted by a still unstified conscience reinforced now by self-interest and a new experience of the practical needs of commerce and industry, they may recognize the castle of apartheid as a mirage and do what they instruct themselves to do. They are a people of great tenacity and courage, and it is the voice from within the laager, not threats from without, that they will ultimately listen to. □

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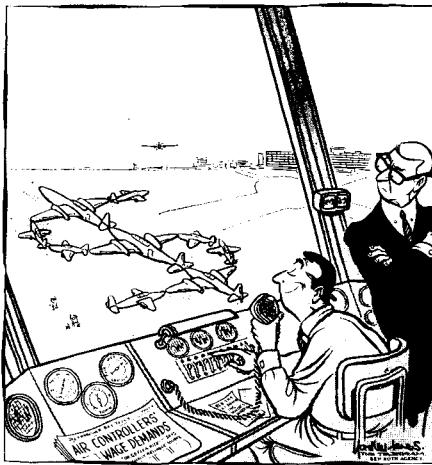
TIMES MIRROR
New York and Cleveland

FOR THE RECORD

■ **McCarthy** campaign staged what **John Kenneth Galbraith** described as "largest political happening in the history of politics" Aug. 15—simultaneous rallies and dinners in 72 cities. Object: raise \$1 million badly needed for final weeks of campaign. . . . McCarthy incidentally spent nearly \$1 million to win 61 delegates in New York primary. . . . **Joseph L. Rauh** of ADA — avid McCarthyman—says he will support HHH if Humphrey wins providing a) Humphrey doesn't pick **John Connally** of Texas as running-mate, and b) Vietnam plank in Democratic convention is satisfactory. . . . *Daily World* (ex. *Worker*) appealing to supporters of "McCarthy, Sen. **Robert Kennedy** and Dr. **Martin Luther King** to come to Chicago and say NO to Hubert Humphrey." *World* predicts 100,000 students will turn out (roundtrip bus fare from New York, \$34). . . . **Tom Hayden** of SDS is in charge of National Mobilization Committee in Chicago, plans to bring out special convention edition of *Rat*, the N.Y. underground paper, with a "Demonstrator's Guide to Chicago," including hundreds of possible targets for demonstrations. . . . Incidentally more than 230 telephone and TV cables have been sabotaged in Chicago since Illinois electrical workers went on strike in mid-May. . . . Uproar in ranks of **International Ladies Garment Workers Union** over \$2 bite the union takes for political purposes. ILGWU leadership is pro-Humphrey but McCarthy union members have put up such a stink that *Daily World* reports "business agents have been compelled to announce in a number of shops that the political donations are voluntary."

■ **Thruston Morton**, about the biggest pre-convention **Rockefeller** booster, predicts **Nixon** win in November because "Hubert Humphrey is in a straitjacket

that's been built by this Administration in policies at home and abroad." . . . Leftist press, still outraged at last-minute endorsement of Nixon by former Steelworkers President **David McDonald**, accuses McDonald of having made a deal to get a cabinet post in a Nixon Administration. . . . **Alf Landon**, who's still all wrong—he predicted a Rockefeller victory—says this stuff about having Secret Service guards for Presidential candidates is nonsense: "[They



Toronto Telegram, Canada Ben Roth Agency

should] mingle in the crowd as I did in 1936 and take their chances."

■ National Park Service has sent a \$71,795 bill to organizers of **Resurrection City** to cover cost of the city to the government (tearing down shacks, cleaning up, reseeding, replanting, etc.) with demand for immediate payment. . . . Sen. **Strom Thurmond** (R., S.C.) has estimated that actual cost to taxpayers, including police overtime, was closer to \$1 million. . . . **Restaurants** in downtown Washington, four months after April riots, report business still off 10 to 30 per cent, mostly in evening hours.

■ Thai Foreign Minister **Thanat Kho-**

man, formerly a Hard among Hards, now coming out for accommodation with Peking; may even support Red China's bid for UN admission this fall. Reason: Communist guerrilla activity has been stepped up in northeastern Thailand and Thanat fears a possible U.S. bugout in Vietnam would leave his country at Peking's mercy. . . . Would you believe? A UN representative has sailed for **West Irian** (former Dutch New Guinea) to start arranging for promised 1969 plebiscite under which people will choose whether they would like a) to return to Dutch rule, b) to remain under Indonesian rule or c) to be independent. (New Guinea was ceded to Indonesia in **Bobby Kennedy-Ellsworth Bunker** deal in 1962 to placate **Sukarno**.) . . . Ceremonial visit by Soviet Defense Minister Marshal **Gretchko** to Algeria in late July, including a visit to the former French naval base at Mers-el-Kebir where Soviet "technicians" are now installed, was cut short by Czech crisis. . . . Recent poll in Czechoslovakia supported **Alexander Dubcek** in recent touchy negotiations with everyone: it showed 91 per cent of people wanted all foreign—i.e., Soviet—troops out of the country. . . . Many Communist **subversion groups** now headquartered in Prague (World Federation of Trade Unions among them) feeling uncomfortable in new Czechoslovakia which is big on national integrity. They may be forced to move. . . . **Jean-Paul Sartre** still angry at French Communist Party for its failure to take advantage of the May crisis to promote a revolution; he accuses them of preferring to "follow in Moscow's wake."

■ It seems wrong, somehow. The **Pope's** elite Swiss Guard claims it's underpaid and threatens not to show up at ceremonial occasions unless it gets a raise. In the vernacular, it's on strike.

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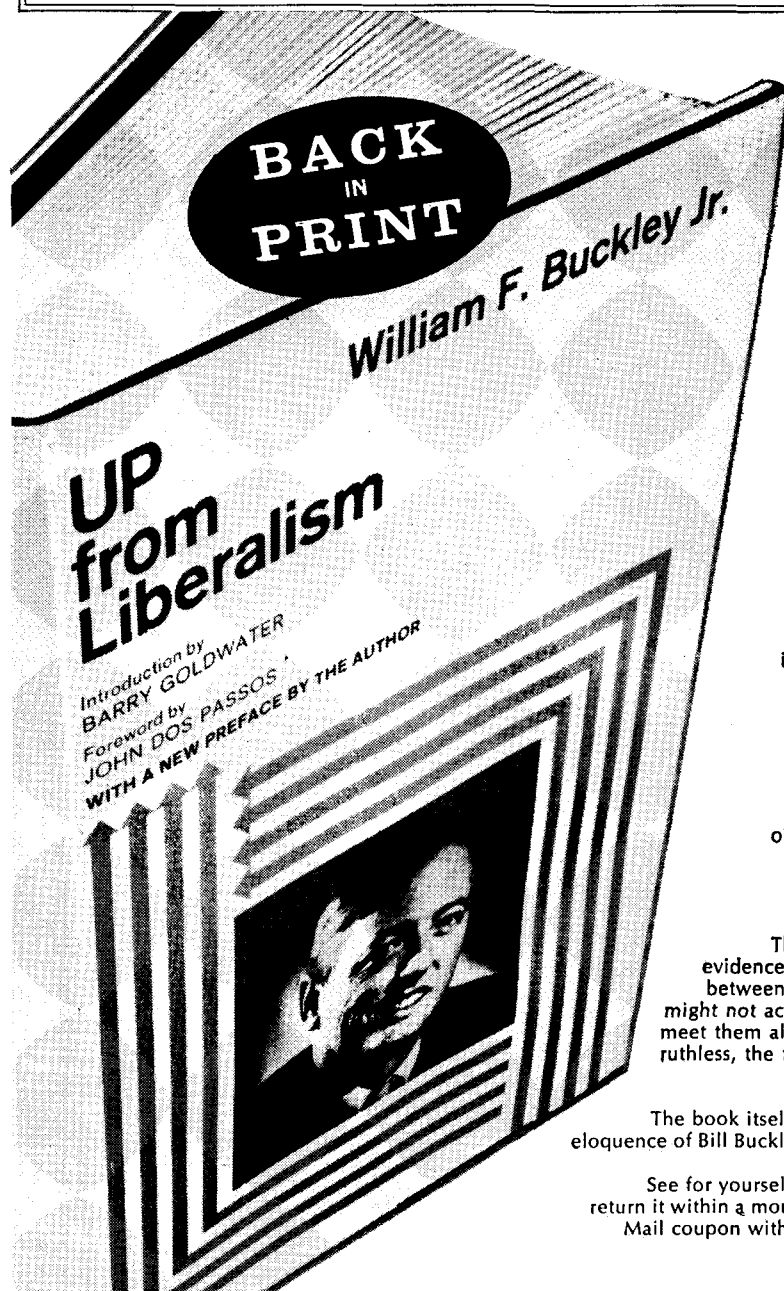
of himself and his finger-on-one-hand cult of intellectual snobbery."
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"Man, you should have seen me—was I bombed!"

He's the guy who swaggers in on Monday mornings with stories up to here.

About how he was "smashed." Or "stoned." Or "out of his mind."

We think his words speak for themselves.

And you can argue the point if you want to, but it's pretty obvious that he thinks not being able to hold his liquor makes him seem more masculine. (Maybe because some of the other "boys" will think he's funny.)

What's that to us?

Just this.

We make a good Bourbon—Beam's Choice. It's too good in fact, and we put too much into it, to ever enjoy seeing it squandered or thrown away.

Because the truth is, that's what any

man is doing once he goes outside his limit. He can no longer taste or appreciate a product as good as ours.

Beam's Choice is made from a recipe that goes back to George Washington's day. It's aged for eight years. Then it's charcoal-filtered. And the result is about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get. That's why we call it "choice."

We think a Bourbon as smooth as ours deserves an appreciative audience. It was meant to be sipped and savored. Not wolfed down.

Beam's Choice is not intended for children. No matter how old they are.



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